HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

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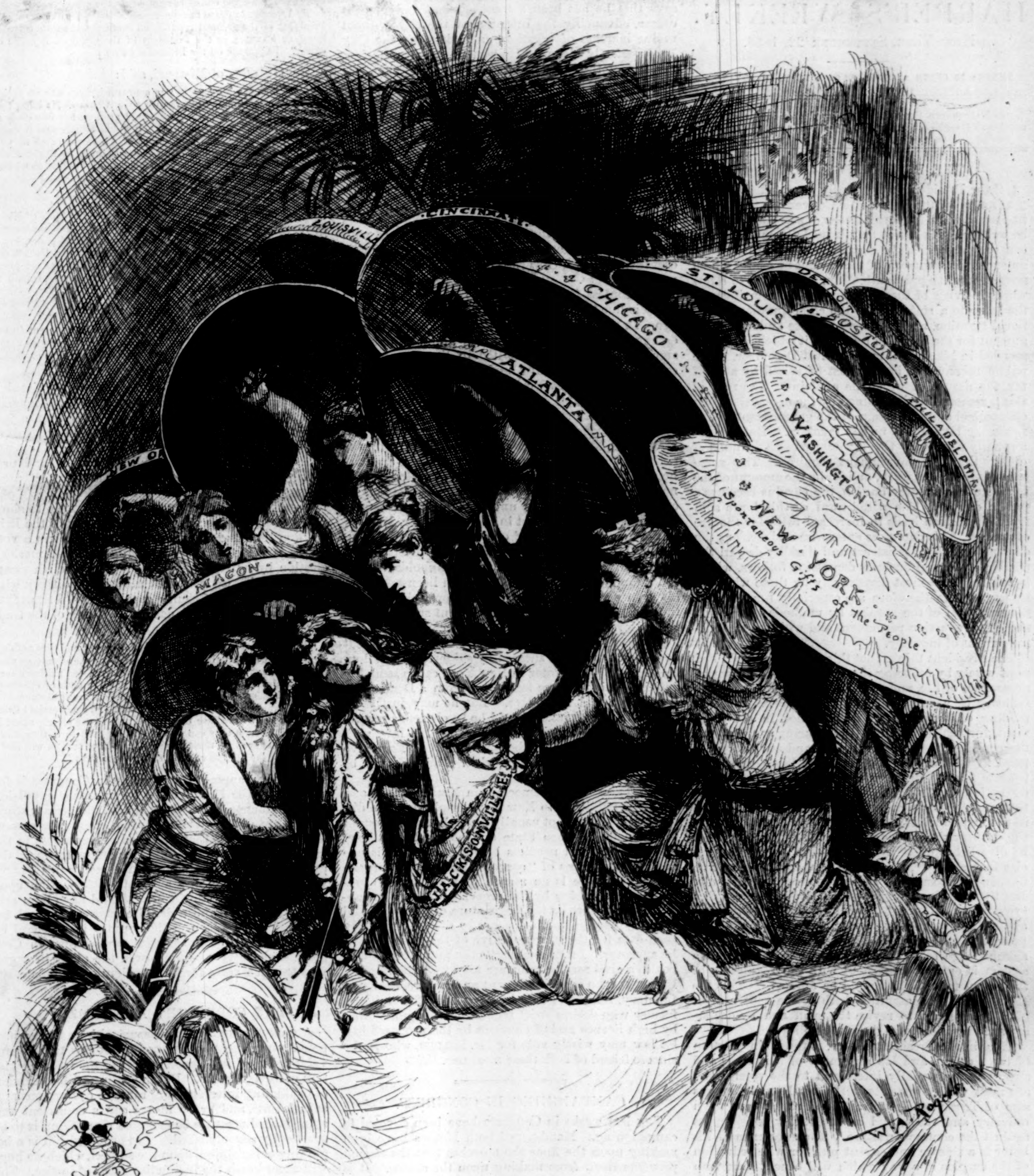
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TO THE RESCUE.—[SEE "THE AFFLICTED CITY," PAGE 711.]

"Harper's Young People is the equal, if not the superior, of any illustrated publication for juveniles now issued."—*Chicago Journal.*

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An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

The number for September 18th is rich in fiction. In addition to the two serials that are running, "Uncle Peter's Trust," by George B. Perry, *and "Chrystal, Jack, & Co.," by* Kirk Munroe, *there are two short stories by* Charles Ledyard Norton *and* J. Macdonald Oxley, *respectively.*

The principal illustration is a double-page entitled

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, September 22, 1888.

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THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

As the President had verbally accepted the nomination of the Democratic Convention, it was unimportant when his formal letter of acceptance should be written. He has at length made it public, and it is a very characteristic document. Beginning with an excellent summary of the various measures which now engage the public attention, and stating in a few words his view of them, he devotes the remainder of the letter to a statement of the chief question of national taxation, and presents a concise and strong argument for the policy in regard to it which he recommended in his annual message last December. The public revenue, he holds, must be raised by a tariff tax, the nature of which he explains. The rate of this tax should be determined by the necessities of an economical administration of the government. Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation. But we are annually raising by this tax many more millions of dollars than the government requires. This accumulates in the Treasury, and while the amount of the tax is an unnecessary burden, the surplus becomes a public danger. The withdrawal of this large sum from circulation leads to increased rates for the use of money. This depresses enterprise and deadens the demand for labor. Distrust and timidity deepen the trouble. General business depression follows, which is felt first and most disastrously by those who live by wages, who therefore are especially interested in the reduction of the surplus by methods which will make the reduction permanent and with the least derangement of industry.

The President thinks that this can be accomplished most wisely by reducing the taxes upon the universal necessaries of life, and by stimulating manufacturing industry by a supply of free raw material, thus extending our markets. This does not, in his judgment, furnish any excuse for reducing wages. On the contrary, the encouragement and advantage offered to the employers of domestic labor will compensate for the difference between the foreign and domestic rate of wages. This is a reasonable, effective, and American policy for diminishing the surplus in the way which is least harmful to all interests, and the country should judge it upon its merits, and not be diverted from it by the cry that it is something else than a simple, practicable, and equitable scheme of reducing taxation. It is denounced as free-trade. But the President truly says that the regulation of a system, or a difference in the degree and extent of its application, is not its destruction. He says of the protective system what every intelligent man will acknowledge to be true: "The existence of such a system is entirely consistent with the regulation of the extent to which it should be applied." This the Republicans have admitted both by the appointment of a commission to revise the tariff and by declaring such revision to be the party policy.

This, in the President's view, is the main question of the election, and his statement of it is clear and strong, and especially intelligent to the voters who are most vitally interested. In his letter he speaks also of Trusts as due to artificial restrictions upon industry and trade, and as essentially conspiracies against the common welfare. The substance of his letter is a sincere and cogent plea for wise reduction of the surplus in a way which will benefit American industry and enterprise. His view is opposed by immense and plausible misrepresentation, and by appeals to ignorance and prejudice of every kind. The election, therefore, will be in a certain degree a test of the ability of the people to deal wisely with a question of public economy which is complex and of infinite detail, and which is suddenly submitted for their action. Like the message, the letter of the President treats no other question than that of tariff reform. There is an allusion to civil service reform, as to other questions, but nothing more. Neither the Canadian difficulty nor the Chinese treaty is mentioned. The President evidently feels that the tariff is the topic of absorbing interest, and as it was his message which made it the paramount issue of the campaign, he has addressed himself to it exclusively, and with a force which commands universal attention.

STATE AND NATIONAL ISSUES.

The young Democrats who are trying to obtain control of their party and adjust it to the modern spirit, of which Mr. Cleveland is the representative, have triumphed in Massachusetts in the nomination of Mayor William E. Russell, of Cambridge, for Governor. Mr. Russell is a young man, of whom a large tax-payer in Cambridge, not of his party, says that he has been a most efficient and upright officer, advancing the interests of the city without undue increase of taxation, and "keeping the City Hall perfectly clean." He was an equally efficient member of the State Civil Service Commission, and is in thorough sympathy with the enlightened and progressive political spirit of the time. There is no good measure of State administration which he would not cordially support and enforce. Mayor Russell, in fact, represents all the good qualities and tendencies in public office which Governor Hill does not, and his nomination is as advantageous to his party as that of Governor Hill is injurious. It is a nomination which will attract the independent voters in Massachusetts who wish to see at the head of affairs special aptitude for the public service combined with the highest character and marked ability, and who cast their votes for Governor upon State and not upon national issues.

The contest for the leadership of the Democratic party is like that in the Republican party some years ago. In that party the effort for leadership of a higher character and for real reform and progress was signally defeated. It resulted in the complete ascendency of Mr. Blaine, and of what is known as Blaineism. In New York it is illustrated by the fact that the undeniable and unquestionable leader of the party is Mr. Platt, who was obliged, as the condition of his supremacy, to bow to the plumed hat. Even Mr. Platt, however, is compelled to reckon with the drift of the party upon certain questions, and the nomination of Mr. Warner Miller for Governor is not only a stroke of policy to harmonize Republican control, but it is also an unmistakable concession to the temperance sentiment in the party. Mr. Miller, as the earnest advocate of oleomargarine legislation, is very popular in the rural farming districts of the State, which are the Republican strongholds, and he is a strong, outspoken friend of high license, and in his own person interprets the platform circumlocution upon that subject. In his recent speech at Little Valley he said, "In the coming contest I do not hesitate to say that I prefer to be beaten upon that question rather than succeed by subterfuge and double-dealing." No voter in New York can reasonably anticipate high-license legislation from a Democratic Legislature and Executive. But he may justly expect from Mr. Miller, should he be elected, a recommendation for the passage of an effective law, with the understanding that there would be no Executive shuffling and equivocation when a bill should be adopted.

The action of the Democrats in Massachusetts and of the Republicans in New York emphasizes the distinction, which is not usually made, but which ought to be made, between State and national questions. The constant and needless blending of them is one of the worst forms of "consolidation" and "centralization." There is no reason why a man who supports tariff revision by Congress should not also support high license by the Legislature of his State; and the only way in which this can be done is to vote in each case for the representative of the policy which he approves. In Massachusetts the protectionist who is also a civil service reformer may well vote for Mr. Russell, who is an intelligent and sincere, not a perfunctory, reformer; and in New York the tariff reformer who desires strict regulation of liquor-selling by high license and of elections by the proposed ballot law may wisely vote for Mr. Miller, who is the sincere friend of both these measures.

CAMPAIGNING IN CONGRESS.

The last weeks in Congress have been devoted to campaigning. Members of both Houses have been making upon the floor the speeches that the session prevents them from making upon the stump. It is therefore not surprising that the feeling with which recent Congressional proceedings have been regarded is a feeling neither of respect nor of admiration. In the treatment of the two chief topics of debate, the Canadian and Chinese questions, the object has been to gain what is called the Irish vote. A poorer object and a more humiliating pursuit of it could not well be suggested. Much of the performance has been childish and utterly discreditable. The American name and the character of Congress are both disgraced, for instance, by such talk as that which preceded the passage of the Retaliation Bill in the House. The bill passed with virtual unanimity, only four adverse votes being recorded. It was known that it would pass. There was no need of saying a word, but five days were consumed in puerile threats and defiances of Great Britain because the tone of the London press, or of a part of it, had been somewhat truculent in commenting upon the President's message.

Mr. Wilson, of Minnesota, said, as reported:

> "Should war be declared, a gun-boat of Great Britain would scarcely have time to reach our shores before Canada would be part of the United States. He thought that there would be no war. It was only when Great Britain contended with an unequal adversary that she was warlike. When she confronted her equal she was peaceful. But should the Queen of England, forgetting the lessons to her ancestors in the past, aim or discharge at us one unfriendly gun from one of her gun-boats, the echo which it would awaken would not cease to reverberate before Grover Cleveland, President of the greatest republic on earth, would salute Charles Stewart Parnell as the President of the youngest republic on earth." [Applause on the Democratic side.]

Mr. O'Neill, of Missouri, said:

> "So far as the Tory party was concerned, there was no nation it would be less liable to trifle with than America. It knew that if trouble should come England would need all her iron-clads to take care of the British Channel. It would bluster and it would bluff, and it would back square down. There would be no war. A war with America would mean a loss of India to England, and the verification of the prophecy of Thomas Davis that England's difficulty would be Ireland's opportunity." [Applause.]

Mr. Tarsney, of Michigan, abhorred war,

> "but if peaceful methods would not avail, then the State of Michigan would take care of Canada, and make a couple of Democratic States out of her. The people of Michigan desired peace, but it must be peace on honorable terms. Let England and Canada distinctly understand that though the United States desired peace and reciprocity, it would not, under any circumstances, submit to an insult." [Applause.]

Mr. McAdoo, of New Jersey, said

> "that England's modern iron-clads would be as impotent in our harbors as were tubs armed with fire-crackers. He warned Salisbury that the first British gun fired against New York or Boston would assure the destruction of the British Empire."

This is poor stuff. The President negotiated a treaty for the reasonable settlement of the Canadian difficulty, which he still thinks to have been a just and honorable settlement. The Senate refused to ratify it, and demanded retaliation. The President instantly adopted the demand with vigor, and proposed virtual non-intercourse. The English press protested, and immediately the President's party representatives break out in this absurd strain to show that they are more effective tail-twisters of the British lion than the Republicans, and all to win a vote which is supposed to be determined in an American election by hatred of England. This foolish swagger in the House contrasts most discreditably with the temperate and decent remarks of Lord Stanley, Governor-General of Canada. Speaking of the trade of Canada, he said:

> "If it is denied one channel, it must find others, and thus nothing, please God, which can be done by man will stop the advancing prosperity of this great dominion. I honestly trust that neither directly nor indirectly may we be tempted from the path of calmness, sound judgment, and even a feeling of geniality toward those with whom we are brought in contact in political and commercial affairs. It is impossible to believe that where nations are closely allied in blood and interest they can be put asunder even for a time, and I hope and believe that these words which I have spoken will find a response in the bosoms of most of the community."

The other appeal of buncombe in Congress is for the vote of the Pacific slope by summary expulsion of the Chinese—so summary, indeed, that treaty stipulations are disregarded, and all because of a rumor, not authenticated, that proposed amendments to the treaty had been rejected. Mr. Sherman took the proper and dignified course in demanding to know whether there was any authentic information upon the subject—a question which should have been asked in the House, and a definite answer required, before action was taken. The country is disgraced by such pell-mell, harum-scarum proceedings in Congress, each party tumbling over the other in eagerness to catch votes for its Presidential candidate.

THE COPYRIGHT AMENDMENTS.

A correspondent in Missouri objects to the proposed amendment of the copyright law that it provides neither for reciprocity nor for the free importation of foreign books. But in dealing with a question of conflicting interests there must be concessions and adjustments, and by no means can a consistent and symmetrical measure be expected if anything is to be practically accomplished. The proposed bill is a beginning of legislation upon the subject, which we hope will accord with the instinctive sense of justice. The Chace bill is not nominally an international copyright measure. It is an amendment of our present law, and permits all persons to hold an American copyright upon certain conditions, of which the chief is the manufacture of the book in this country. This is a restriction upon the author, whether American or foreign, but it is a restriction in which he acquiesces because of other advantages. The bill is undoubtedly the best attainable under existing circumstances, and those who are favorable to its general object will naturally waive their feeling that it is not all which can be desired.

Our correspondent is of opinion that the present duty of twenty-five per cent. on imported books ought to be sufficient protection for the American bookseller, but adds that without free importation the American publisher can put a high price upon a poor book. With a duty of twenty-five per cent., however, which our correspondent apparently approves, there cannot be free importation, and the American publisher can still regulate the price, while if the advantage of the American bookseller is promoted by the cost of importation, the CHACE amendments to the copyright law virtually prohibit such importations, and of course favor the bookseller. It is doubtful, however, whether the present duty on books will be continued. Various propositions have been made during the present session to admit books free. Should they prevail, we understand our correspondent to hold that the bookseller would suffer. If, however, his object be that of the Authors' and Publishers' Copyright League, we think he will agree that the condition of American manufacture of the book, although in itself a plain limitation of the author's right of control of publication of his own work, and undoubtedly a high price to pay for copyright, is yet, under the circumstances, not too high a price, and the law may be further amended hereafter.

Moreover, the CHACE amendments, imperfect as they are, yet promote greater reciprocity than now exists. At present the American author, under certain conditions, may enjoy an English copyright. But the English author cannot obtain American copyright under any conditions. The CHACE amendments, however, secure him that right upon condition of American manufacture. The question therefore is whether the enjoyment of the right is worth that price; and the great body of American authors, who thereby resign the right of making their plates elsewhere, agree that it is, and that is also the feeling of English authors. Such an arrangement is obviously advantageous to American publishers and *Typothetæ*, so that all the producing interests are agreed. The American reading public naturally desires cheap literature, but it may be assumed not to desire to secure cheapness unfairly, and it is the opinion of the most sagacious and experienced publishers that the price of good literature will not be enhanced by the proposed amendments. We shall be glad if our correspondent is able to agree with us that a measure of substantial justice may be warmly supported even by those who see plainly its defects, but who also see it to be a practicable beginning, involving no difficulty which is not remediable.

GENERAL HARRISON'S LETTER.

THE letter of General HARRISON accepting the Republican nomination is not an addition to the arguments or forces of the campaign. It treats the main issues in accord with the Chicago platform, but without especial force, and without leaving the impression of a strong personality. He condemns the policy announced and maintained by the President in his message as the first step toward free-trade. But he forgets that the President recommends only what eminent Republicans have recommended, and that GARFIELD declared that he favored protection which ultimated in free-trade. General HARRISON'S remarks upon this subject are disposed of by the President's forcible and truthful passage in his letter, alluding to the Republican proposal to free whiskey and tobacco "rather than surrender any part of our protective system":

> "The implication contained in this party declaration that desperate measures are justified to save from destruction or surrender what is termed our protective system should confuse no one. The existence of such a system is entirely consistent with the regulation of the extent to which it should be applied and the correction of its abuses."

General HARRISON'S allusion to civil service reform consists of an expression of cordial approval of the resolution of the Convention upon the subject, and a declaration that the law should be honestly enforced in its spirit, and that "some extensions of the classified service are practicable and desirable." Beyond the classified service, appointments should be made only for fitness, and "only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office." General HARRISON promises, if elected, to advance the reform. We trust that he would do so, and in such an endeavor we should support him sincerely. But we do not doubt that the adverse pressure of his party would be enormous, and we see no reason to suppose that he would be able to resist it more effectually than other Presidents. Upon the subject of Trusts, General HARRISON differs from Mr. BLAINE, and agrees with Senators SHERMAN and CULLOM and with the President, that they are productive of great wrong; and with the authorities that we have mentioned, and unlike Mr. BLAINE, he is quite prepared to say that they are not of advantage to the community.

General HARRISON differs from the Republican Senate in regard to the fisheries. The Senate holds that the dispute is not to be settled by negotiation. But General HARRISON says:

> "The resources of a firm, dignified, and consistent diplomacy are undoubtedly equal to the prompt and peaceful solution of the difficulties that now exist."

He affirms the unquestionable right of every qualified elector to cast one free ballot and to have it honestly counted, opposes Chinese immigration and the importation of contract laborers, and advocates the admission as States of "several Territories." The letter is the work of a faithful party follower, but not of a party leader, and it suggests that General HARRISON'S course as President would be largely influenced by leaders of strong will and purpose.

THE NOMINATION OF GOVERNOR HILL.

THE New York Democratic Convention has nominated Governor HILL to fill the chair of JOHN JAY and DE WITT CLINTON. This result has been long foreseen, and it surprises no careful observer of the situation. There are men of the purest patriotism and character and of the highest conviction in the Democratic party, men to whom its pro-slavery traditions are repulsive, and who are earnest supporters of progressive reforms, but they do not constitute the party in this State nor influence its action. As we pointed out last winter, while the Republican-Senate was playing a wretched game with the Democratic Governor, each trying to put the other "in a hole," the two beneficial measures of the session, ballot reform and high license, were Republican measures, sustained by Republican votes. The adverse votes were Democratic, and the opponents of both measures who appeared before the Governor to persuade him to veto them were conspicuous Democrats. The liquor interest, the great organized political and social power of corruption, is undeniably Democratic. It looks to Democratic Legislatures for favorable laws, and to Democratic Governors for friendly vetoes.

Of all this sentiment, which is very largely Democratic, and of debasing views of politics and public life, Governor HILL is the especial representative. His commonplace phrase, "I am a Democrat," is, in the sense of a generally controlling influence in his party, precise and felicitous. He is the party favorite in New York; much more the favorite than President CLEVELAND. Conscious of the necessity of party support if he would accomplish results, the President has sought to obtain it, and the acts which have clouded his administration have been due to his deference to the spirit and demand of his party, which are typified in Governor HILL. It is this spirit plainly dominant in the Democratic party of this State, and now emphatically demonstrated by the eager and uncontested renomination of the Governor, that confirms the distrust which the character and courage of Mr. CLEVELAND have tended to destroy. Even the meeting of Democrats who support Mr. CLEVELAND to protest against the nomination of the Governor did not declare that his election ought to be opposed on the ground that a man unworthy to be nominated is unfit to be elected. Mr. HENRY GEORGE stated for himself that although he is an earnest advocate of the President's re-election he would vote for Mr. WARNER MILLER rather than for Governor HILL.

That is the spirit which is formidable to party machines. Mr. ARTHUR, when chairman of the New York Republican Committee, used to smile at the vigorous protests of the reform Republicans, and say, contemptuously, "Let them sputter; they will all vote right." Protests which do not mean votes are despised by the masters of a party. The Democratic anti-HILL meeting took place on Friday, and on Wednesday Governor HILL was renominated by acclamation. He will not get the votes of the friends of reform and of decent politics. To make their protest effective they will vote for Mr. MILLER. If reform Democrats support the Governor, it will be because they are more partisans than reformers, and believe that they can serve a cause by strengthening its enemies; and should the President be persuaded publicly to approve the nomination, he will seriously imperil the chances of his election, to which the electoral vote of New York is indispensable.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

AS was expected, the Republicans have carried the State election in Maine, and by a majority like that of 1884. There have been the usual charges by each side that its opponent used vast sums of money. Each side used probably as much as it could command, and the Republicans always command more than the Democrats. Mr. BLAINE sneered in his speech at what he called the twenty per cent. assessment upon Democratic office-holders. That, of course, is mere fiction. But whatever money was raised in this way could not be compared in amount with the Republican extortions under HUBBELL. In his telegram to Mr. WHITELAW REID Mr. BLAINE speaks of the result as almost a revolution. This, again, is very inaccurate. The Republican plurality for Governor in 1884 was 19,745, and a plurality for Governor in 1888 of 18,495 cannot be called a revolution. A revolution occurred in New York when Governor DIX, who had received nearly 50,000 majority in 1872, was defeated by Governor TILDEN by a majority of nearly the same number in 1874.

The significance of the Maine election lies in showing that no serious disturbance of party lines has taken place, while in connection with the result in Vermont and Oregon it indicates rather a Republican drift. Apparently the tariff issue raised by the President and the "scare" attempted by his opponents have not produced in States already certain a change so pronounced as to forecast the probable result in November. There will be no further preliminary signs, and the event in Vermont and Maine shows practically only that the Republicans hold their own. The campaign will proceed, therefore, with eager confidence on both sides, the Republicans glad that they have not lost since 1884, the Democrats remembering that in that year they won. The serious injury to the Democratic prospects is not the Republican victory in Maine, but the Democratic nomination in New York.

The Republican contest in Maine has been waged, as Mr. BLAINE wished, upon the ground that Democratic success in November involved the reduction of wages and industrial ruin. The argument was that obviously tariff reform might not prove to be of advantage to men who live by wages, and therefore the wiser policy would be to let it alone. This is always a strong plea in a prosperous time. Then there were special reasons in Maine arising from the lumber and fishing interests which make the result of less general significance. But however this may be, unquestionably it shows how close the November contest will be.

CHARLES SUMNER AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

IN his address as President of the Massachusetts Convention, ex-Governor LONG paid a glowing and just tribute to CHARLES SUMNER, and sneered elaborately at the mugwumps. But he omitted to say that CHARLES SUMNER was the first great Massachusetts mugwump in 1872, followed, we believe, by Mr. LONG, and that at that early date he broke with the Republican party for precisely the same reason that the mugwumps broke with it in 1884—because he believed it to be recreant to its best spirit and traditions. Mr. BLAINE then called him to account, as the followers of Mr. BLAINE now scold the mugwumps. But Mr. SUMNER'S letter to Mr. BLAINE expressed the feeling with which one of the great fathers, if not martyrs, of the original Republican faith regarded what he held to be an effort to prostitute its name and glory to unworthy ends.

PERSONAL.

RICHARD MANSFIELD has so charmed London with his acting that not only are his brother actors making him a social lion, but the Garrick Club has welcomed him to its brotherhood, his introduction into this honorary membership coming through no less notables than JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, BEERBOHM TREE, and LEWIS WINGFIELD.

—More and more influential are becoming the representatives of Southern capital at the North, though this growth has not yet attracted the attention it challenges.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is coming out in an English edition of his poems, with an introduction from ANDREW LANG.

—A quarter of a million of dollars is to be the cost of a tomb which Senator LELAND STANFORD, of California, has ordered built for the final resting-place of his family. It is to be of marble and granite.

—GEORGE M. PULLMAN, the palace-car millionnaire, had a capital of just fifty dollars when he went out into the world to make his way.

—ALEXANDRE DUMAS is credited with being the richest author in the world, barring such writers for zest and pleasure as ANDREW CARNEGIE, whose income is figured out at over $4000 a day.

—Five women and one man, all over a hundred years of age, had their deaths chronicled in the New York newspapers of last week. The oldest was a women of one hundred and four.

—JOHN LUCAS, the head waiter for years at one of Saratoga's fashionable hotels, dies to leave a fortune of $60,000, to show with some clearness what a handsome fashion is the American scheme of "tipping."

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S title of Doctor signifies more than most lovers of the genial Autocrat realize. He has made much more money as a surgeon than as an author.

—London law-makers have just consented to the use of the telephone on Sundays.

—WILLIAM H. LANGWITH, of Paterson, who died last week, was totally blind, but he could so readily distinguish the denomination of all kinds of money, not of coins only, but of bank-notes, that he made a living for years as the cashier of a restaurant.

—CHARLES MACKEY, England's noted song-writer, has reached his seventy-third year distressed by poverty, wherefore ALFRED TENNYSON is raising a fund to relieve the good old man of his troubles.

—Great-hearted FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, on the verge of her threescore and ten years, has become a confirmed invalid.

—Alaska cost the United States $7,000,000, and the Fur Seal Company has already paid our government over $8,000,000 for the privileges it enjoys of taking seals from the Territorial waters.

—GUSTAV KOBBÉ has been elected president of the Casino now building at Siasconset, on the island of Nantucket. The building will be within almost a stone's-throw of Sankaty Head, the easterly jumping-off point of the United States.

—The Presidential nominee of the American party, General JAMES LANGDON CURTIS, has a fortune of $3,000,000.

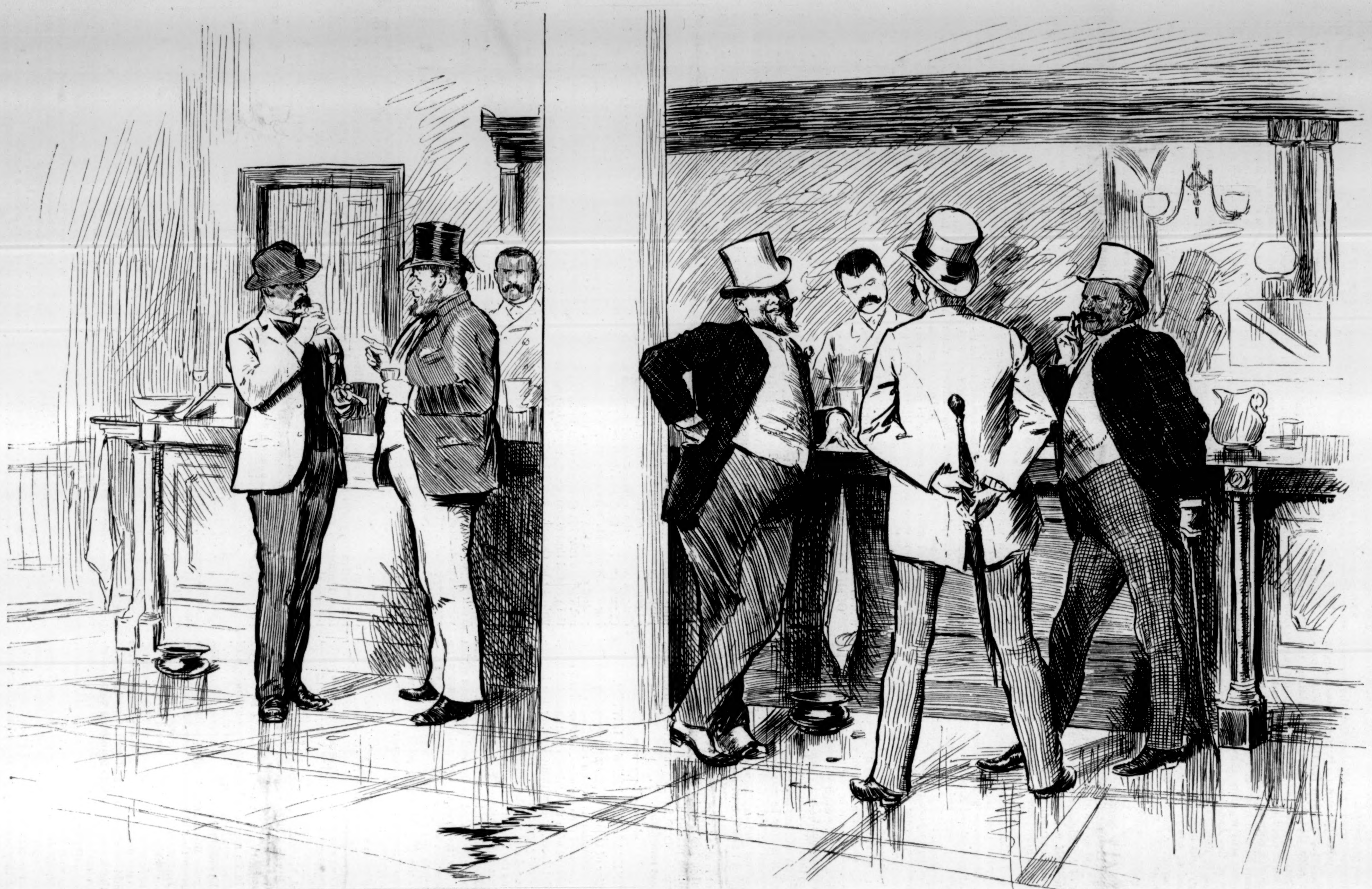
—SARA BERNHARDT is said to be worrying at last over possible obesity. She has gained a dozen pounds this summer.

—The old log cabin which "Bonanza" MACKAY had for his home thirty years ago when he was wielding a pick for a living in California gold mines has been placed on exhibition in San Francisco. Not history, but dimes, induce the enterprise.

—Readers of Mr. J. P. DUNN'S popular work, *Massacres of the Mountains, a History of the Indian Wars of the Far West*, will be glad to learn of the appearance of a new volume by the same author. Mr. DUNN contributes *Indiana* to the series of "American Commonwealths." In describing the political life and history of the State he records the struggle over the slavery question when WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was Governor of Indiana Territory.

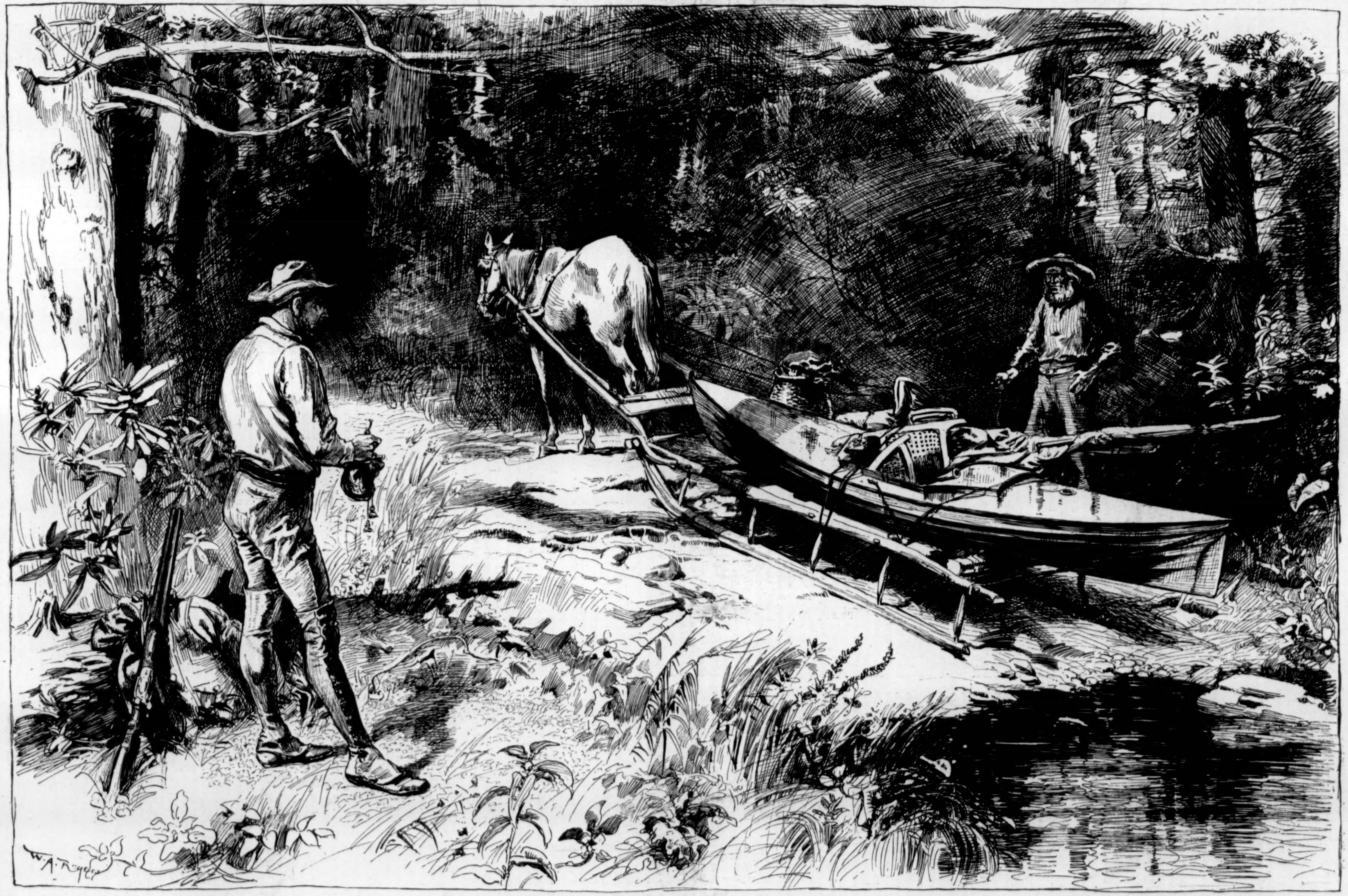
—While musical enthusiasts have been hailing RICHARD WAGNER as the master incomparable, the composer's grave at Bayreuth is utterly neglected and overrun with weeds.

—When MARGARET SHEA, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, died, a little while ago, she left $1500 by her will to be devoted to the care of a pet Newfoundland dog, and providing that on the animal's death he should be buried beside her, the $1500 then to revert to the church of which she was a member. Last week the dog died, and the will's curious provisions about his burial were carried out fully, the funeral and the opening of his mistress's grave attracting great local attention.



BAR-ROOM POLITICS.

STATESMAN NO. I. "I tell you, boys, the bar of Public Opinion 'ain't got no show agin the bar that's backin' HILL."
STATESMAN NO. II. "No, sirree! We know our friends, and we know just what High-license MILLER ain't—eh?"
STATESMAN NO. III. "Well, I should smile!" . . . . [And they all "smiled."]



CANOEING IN THE NORTH WOODS—A "CARRY."—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 718.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.[*]

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BLOW FALLS.

ON the following morning, about ten o'clock, while Edward Cossey was still at breakfast, a dog-cart drew up at his door, and out of it stepped Colonel Quaritch.

"Now for the row," said he to himself. "I hope that the governor was right in his tale, that's all. Perhaps it would have been wiser to say nothing till I had made more sure," and he poured out some more tea a little nervously, for in the Colonel he had, he felt, an adversary not to be despised.

Presently the door opened, and "Colonel Quaritch" was announced. He rose and bowed a salutation, which the Colonel, whose face bore a particularly grim expression, did not return.

"Will you take a chair?" he said, as soon as the servant had left, and without speaking the Colonel took one, and presently began the conversation.

"Last night, Mr. Cossey," he said, "you thought proper to publicly bring a charge against me, which if it were true would go a long way toward showing that I was not a fit person to associate with those before whom it was brought."

"Yes," said Edward, coolly.

"Before making any remarks on your conduct in bringing such a charge, which I give you credit for believing to be true, I propose to show to you that it is a false charge," went on the Colonel, quietly. "The story is a very simple one, and so sad that nothing short of necessity would force me to tell it. I was, when quite young, engaged to your aunt, Miss Heston, to whom I was much attached, and who was then twenty years of age, and though I had little besides my profession, she had some money, and we were going to be married. The circumstances under which the marriage was broken off were as follows: Three days before the wedding was to take place I went unexpectedly to the house, and was told by the servant that Miss Heston was upstairs in her sitting-room. I went upstairs to the room, which I knew well, knocked, and got no answer. Then I walked into the room, and this is what I saw. Your aunt was lying on the sofa in her wedding dress (that is, in half of it, for she had only the skirt on), as I first thought, asleep. I went up to her, and saw that by her side was a brandy bottle, half empty. In her hand also was a glass containing raw brandy. While I was wondering what it could mean, she woke up, got off the sofa, and began to stagger round the room, and I saw that she was intoxicated."

"It's a lie," said Edward, excitedly.

"Be careful what you say, sir," answered the Colonel, "and wait to say it till I have done."

"As soon as I realized what was the matter, I left the room again, and going down to your grandfather's study, where he was engaged in writing a sermon, I asked him to come upstairs, as I was afraid that his daughter was not well. He came and saw, and the sight threw him off his balance, for he broke out into a torrent of explanations and excuses, from which in time I extracted the following facts: It appeared that ever since she was a child Miss Heston had been addicted to drinking fits, and that it was on account of this constitutional weakness, which was of course concealed from me, that she had been allowed to engage herself to a penniless subaltern. It appeared, too, that the habit was hereditary, for her mother had died from the effects of drink, and one of her aunts had become mad from it.

"I went away and thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that under these circumstances it would be impossible for me, much as I was attached to her, to marry her, because even if I was willing to do so, I had no right to run the risk of bringing children into the world who might inherit the curse. Having come to this determination, which it cost me much to do, I wrote and communicated it to your grandfather, and the marriage was broken off."

"I do not believe it, I do not believe a word of it," said Edward, jumping up. "You jilted her and drove her mad, and now you are trying to shelter yourself behind a tissue of falsehoods."

"Are you acquainted with your grandfather's handwriting?" asked the Colonel, quietly.

"Yes."

"Is that it?" he went on, producing a yellow-looking letter and showing it to him.

"I believe so—at least it looks like it."

"Then read the letter."

Edward obeyed. It was one written in answer to that of Harold Quaritch to his betrothed's father, and admitted in the clearest terms the justice of the step that he had taken. Further, it begged him, for the sake of Julia and the family at large, never to mention the cause of his defection to any one outside the family.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Cossey? I have other letters if you wish to see them."

Edward made no reply, and the Colonel went on: "I gave the promise that your grandfather asked for, and in spite of the remarks that were freely made upon my behavior, I kept it, as it was my duty to do. You, Mr. Cossey, are the first person to whom the story has been told. And now that you have thought fit to make accusations against me which are without foundation, I must ask you to retract them as fully as you made them. I have prepared a letter which you will be so good as to sign," and he handed him a note addressed to the Squire. It ran:

"DEAR MR. DE LA MOLLE,—I beg in the fullest and most ample manner possible to retract the charges which I made yesterday evening against Colonel Quaritch, in the presence of yourself and Miss De la Molle. I find that those charges were unfounded, and I hereby apologize to Colonel Quaritch for having made them."

"And supposing that I refuse to sign?" said Edward, sulkily.

"I do not think," answered the Colonel, "that you will refuse."

Edward looked at Colonel Quaritch, and the Colonel looked at Edward.

"Well," said the Colonel, "please understand that I mean you should sign that letter, and, indeed, seeing how absolutely you are in the wrong, I do not think that you can hesitate to do so."

Then, very slowly and unwillingly, Edward Cossey took up a pen, affixed his signature to the letter, blotted, and pushed it from him.

The Colonel folded it up, placed it in an envelope which he had ready, and put it in his pocket.

"Now, Mr. Cossey," he said, "I will wish you good-morning. Another time I should recommend you to be more careful, both in the facts and the manner of your accusations," and with a slight bow he left the room.

"Curse the fellow," thought Edward to himself, as the front door closed, "he had me there—I was forced to sign. Well, I will be even with him about Ida, at any rate. I will propose to her this very day, Belle or no Belle, and if she won't have me I will call the money in and smash the whole thing up," and his handsome face bore a very evil look as he thought it.

That very afternoon he started, in accordance with this design, to pay a visit at the castle. The Squire was out, but Miss De la Molle was at home, the servant said, and accordingly he was ushered into the drawing-room, where Ida was working, for it was a wet and windy afternoon.

She rose to greet him coldly enough, and he sat down, and then came a pause, which she did not seem inclined to break.

At last he spoke. "Did the Squire get my letter, Miss De la Molle?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, rather icily. "Colonel Quaritch sent it up."

"I am very sorry," he added, confusedly, "that I should have put myself in such a false position. I hope that you will give me credit for having believed my accusation when I made it."

"Such accusations should not be lightly made, Mr. Cossey," was her answer, and, as though to turn the subject, she rose and rang the bell for tea.

It came, and the bustle connected with it prevented any further conversation for a while. At length, however, it subsided, and once more Edward found himself alone with Ida. He looked at her and felt afraid. The woman was of a different clay to himself, and he knew it; he loved her, but he did not understand her in the least. However, if the thing was to be done at all, it must be done now, so, with a desperate effort, he screwed himself up to the point.

"Miss De la Molle," he said, and Ida, knowing full surely what was coming, felt her heart jump within her bosom and then stand still.

"Miss De la Molle," he went on, "perhaps you will remember a conversation that we had some weeks ago in the conservatory?"

"Yes," she said, "I remember—about the money."

"About the money and other things," he said, gathering courage. "I hinted to you then that I hoped in certain contingencies to be allowed to make my addresses to you, and I think that you understood me."

"I understood you perfectly," answered Ida, her pale face set like ice, "and I gave you to understand that in the event of your lending my father the money, I should hold myself bound to—to listen to what you had to say."

"Oh, curse the money!" broke in Edward. "It is not a question of money with me, Ida, it is not indeed. I love you with all my heart. I have loved you ever since I saw you. It was because I was jealous of him that I made a fool of myself last night with Colonel Quaritch. I should have asked you to marry me long ago only there were obstacles in the way. I love you, Ida; there never was a woman like you—never."

She listened with the same set face. Obviously he was in earnest, but his earnestness did not move her; it scarcely even flattered her pride. She disliked the man intensely, and nothing that he could say or do would lessen that dislike by one jot—probably, indeed, it would only intensify it.

Presently he stopped and stood beside her, his breast heaving and his face broken with emotion, and tried to take her hand.

She withdrew it sharply, for his touch was unpleasant to her.

"I do not think that there is any need for all this," she said, coldly. "I gave a conditional promise. You have fulfilled your share of the bargain, and I am prepared to fulfil mine in due course."

So far as her words went, Edward could find no fault with their meaning, and yet he felt more like a man who has been abruptly and finally refused than one declared chosen. He stood still and looked at her.

"I think it right to tell you, however," she went on, in the same measured tones, "that if I marry you it will be from motives of duty and not from motives of affection. I have no love to give you, and I do not wish for yours. I do not know if you will be satisfied with this. If you are not, you had better give up the idea;" and she for the first time looked up at him with more anxiety in her face than she would have cared to show.

But if she hoped that her coldness would repel him, she was destined to be disappointed. On the contrary, like water thrown on burning oil, it only inflamed him the more.

"The love will come, Ida," he said, and once more he tried to take her hand.

"No, Mr. Cossey," she said, in a voice that checked him. "I am sorry to have to speak so plainly, but till I marry I am my own mistress. Pray understand me."

"As you like," he said, drawing back from her sulkily. "I am so fond of you that I will marry you on any terms, and that is the truth. I have one thing to ask of you, Ida, and that is that you will keep our engagement secret for the present, and get your father (I suppose I must speak to him) to do the same. I have reasons," he went on, by way of explanation, "for not wishing it to become known."

"I do not see why I should keep it secret," she said, "but it does not matter to me."

"The fact is," he explained, "my father is a very curious man, and I doubt if he would like my engagement, because he thinks I ought to marry a great deal of money."

"Oh, indeed," answered Ida. She had believed, as was indeed the case, that there were other reasons, not unconnected with Mrs. Quest, on account of which he was anxious to keep the engagement secret. "By-the-way," she went on, "I am sorry to have to talk of business, but this is a business matter, is it not? I suppose it is understood that, in the event of our marriage, the mortgage you hold over this place will not be enforced against my father."

"Of course not," he answered. "Look here, Ida, I will give you those mortgage bonds as a wedding present, and you can put them in the fire, and I will make a good settlement on you."

"Thank you," she said, "but I do not require any settlement on myself; I had rather none was made; but I consent to the engagement only on the express condition that the mortgages shall be cancelled before marriage; and as the property will ultimately come to me, this is not much to ask. And now one more thing, Mr. Cossey: I should like to know when you would wish this marriage to take place; not at once, I presume."

"I should wish it to take place to-morrow," he said, with an attempt at a laugh; "but I suppose that between one thing and another it can't come off at once. Shall we say this time six months?—that will be in May."

"Very good," said Ida; "this day six months I shall be prepared to become your wife, Mr. Cossey. I believe it is," she added, with a flash of bitter sarcasm, "the time usually allowed for the redemption of a mortgage."

"You say very hard things," he answered, wincing.

"Do I? I dare say. I am hard by nature. I wonder that you can wish to marry me."

"I wish it beyond everything in the world," he answered, earnestly. "You can never know how much. By-the-way, I know I was foolish about Colonel Quaritch; but, Ida, I cannot bear to see that man near you. I hope you will drop his acquaintance as much as possible now."

Once more Ida's face set like a flint. "I am not your wife yet, Mr. Cossey," she said; "when I am you will have a right to dictate to me as to whom I shall associate with. At present you have no such right, and if it pleases me to associate with Colonel Quaritch, I shall do so. If you disapprove of my conduct the remedy is simple—you can break off the engagement."

He rose absolutely crushed, for Ida was by far the stronger of the two, and, besides, his passion gave her an unfair advantage over him. Without attempting any reply he held out his hand and said good-night, for he was afraid to attempt any demonstration of affection, adding that he would come to see her father in the morning.

She touched his outstretched hand with her fingers, and then, fearing lest he should change his mind, promptly rang the bell.

In another minute the door had closed behind him and she was left alone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GOOD-BY, MY DEAR, GOOD-BY.

WHEN Edward Cossey had gone, Ida rose and put her hands to her head. So the blow had fallen and the deed was done, and she was engaged to be married to Edward Cossey. And Harold Quaritch! Well, there must be an end to that. It was hard too—only a woman could know how hard. Ida was not a person with a long record of love affairs. Once, when she was twenty, she had had a proposal which she had refused, and that was all. So it happened that when she became attached to Colonel Quaritch she had found her heart for the first time, and for a woman, somewhat late in life. Consequently her feelings were all the more profound, and so, indeed, was her grief at being forced not only to put it away, but to give herself to another man who was not agreeable to her. She was not a violent or ill-regulated woman like Mrs. Quest. She looked facts in the face, recognized their meaning, and bowed before their inexorable logic. It seemed to her almost impossible that she could hope to avoid this marriage, and if that proved to be so, she might be relied upon to make the best of it. Scandal would, under any circumstances, never find a word to say against Ida, for she was not a person who would attempt to console herself for an unhappy marriage. But it was bitter, bitter as gall, to be thus forced to turn aside from her happiness—for she well knew that with Harold Quaritch her life would be very happy—and fit her shoulders to this heavy yoke. Well, she had saved the place to her father by it, and also to her descendants if she had any, and that was all that could be said for it.

She thought and thought, wishing in the bitterness of her heart that she had never been born to come to such a heavy day, till at last she could think no more. The air of the room seemed to stifle her, though it was by no means overheated. She went to the window and looked out. It was a wild wet evening, and the wind was driving the rain before it in sheets. In the west the lurid light of the sinking sun stained the clouds blood red, and broke in flying arrows of ominous light upon the driving storms.

But bad as the weather was it attracted Ida. When the heart is heavy and torn by conflicting passions, it seems to answer to the calling of the storm, and to long to lose its petty troubling in the turmoil of the rushing world. Nature has many moods of which our own are but the echo and reflection, and she can be companionable when all human sympathy must fail. For she is our mother, from whom we come, to whom we go, and her arms are ever open to clasp the children who can hear her voices. Drawn thereto by an impulse which she could not have analyzed, Ida went upstairs, put on a thick pair of boots, a mackintosh, and an old hat, and sallied out into the wind and wet. It was blowing big guns, and as the rain whirled down, the drops struck upon her face like spray. She crossed the bridge, and went out into the park-land beyond. The air was full of dead leaves, and the grass rustled with them, for this was the first wind since the frost. The great boughs of the oaks rattled and groaned above her, and high overhead, among the sullen clouds, a flight of wind-tossed rooks were being blown this way and that.

Ida bent her tall frame against the rain and gale, and fought her way through it. At first she had no clear idea as to where she was going, but gradually, perhaps from custom, she took the path that ran across the fields to Honham Church. It was a beautiful old church, and had originally been built by the Boissey family, and enlarged (particularly as regards the tower, which was one of the finest in the country) by the widow of one of the De la Molles, whose husband had fallen at Agincourt, as a memorial forever. There, upon the porch, were carved the "hawks" of the De la Molles, wreathed round with palms of victory; and there, too, within the chancel, hung the warrior's helmet and his dinted shield.

Nor was he alone, for all around lay the dust of the illustrious dead, come, after the toil and struggle of their stormy lives, to rest within the walls of the old church. Some of them had monuments of alabaster, where they lay in effigy, their heads pillowed upon that of a conquered Saracen; some had monuments of oak and brass; and some had no monuments at all, for the Puritans had ruthlessly destroyed them. But they were nearly all there, some twenty generations of the bearers of an ancient name, for even those of them who had perished on the scaffold had been borne here for burial. The whole place was eloquent of the dead and of the mournful lesson of mortality. From century to century the bearers of that name had walked in these fields, and lived in yonder castle, and looked upon the familiar swell of yonder ground and the silver flash of yonder river, and now their dust was gathered here, and all the turmoil of their lives was lost in the silence of their narrow tomb.

Ida loved the spot, hallowed to her not only by the altar of her faith, but the human associations that clung around and clothed it as the ivy clothed its walls. Here she had been christened, and here among her ancestors she hoped to be buried also. Here as a girl she used to creep in awed silence with her brother James, and look through the window, when the full-moon was up, at the white figures stretched in their marble silence within. Here, too, she had sat Sunday after Sunday for more than twenty years, and stared at the quaint Latin inscriptions cut on marble slabs, which recorded the almost superhuman virtues of departed De la Molles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, her own immediate ancestors. The place was familiar to her whole life; she had scarcely a recollection with which it was not in some way connected. It was not wonderful, therefore, that she loved it, and that in the trouble of her mind her feet shaped their course toward it.

Presently she was there in the church-yard, and taking her stand under the shelter of a line of Scotch firs, through which the gale sobbed and sang, leant against a side gate and looked. The scene was desolate enough; the rain dropped from the roof on to the sodden graves beneath, and ran in thin sheets down the flint facing of the tower; the dead leaves whirled and rattled in and about the empty porch, and over all shot one red and angry arrow from the sinking sun. She stood in the wind and rain, and gazed at the old church that had seen the end of so many sorrows more bitter than her own, and the wreck of so many summers, till the darkness began to close round her like a pall, while the wind sung the requiem of her hopes. She was not of a desponding or pessimistic character, but in that bitter hour she found it in her heart to wish, as most people have done at one time or another in their lives, that the tragedy were over and the curtain had fallen, and that she lay beneath those dripping sods, without sight or hearing, without hope or dread. It seemed to her that the Hereafter must indeed be terrible if it outweighs the sorrows of the Here.

And there, poor woman, she thought of the long years between her and rest, and leaning her head against the gate-post, she began to cry bitterly in the gloom.

Presently she stopped crying with a start and looked up, for she felt that she was no longer alone. Her instincts had not deceived her, for there, not more than two paces from her, in the shadow of the fir-trees, was the figure of a man. Just then he took a step to the left, which brought his figure against the sky, and Ida's heart stood still, for she saw who it was now. It was Harold Quaritch, the man over whose loss she had been weeping.

"It's deuced odd," she heard him say, for she was to leeward of him, "but I could have sworn that I heard somebody sobbing; I suppose it was the wind."

Ida's first idea was flight, and she made a movement for that purpose, and in doing so tripped over a stick and nearly fell.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1646.

In a minute he was by her side. She was caught, and perhaps she was not altogether sorry, especially as she had tried to get away.

"Who is it? what's the matter?" said the Colonel, lighting a fusee under her nose. It was one of those flaming fusees, and burnt with a blue light, showing Ida's tall figure and her beautiful face all stained with grief and tears, her wet mackintosh, and the gate-post against which she had been leaning—everything.

"Why, Ida," he said, in amaze, "what are you doing here—crying too?"

"I'm not crying," she said, with a sob; "it's the rain has made my face wet."

Just then the light burnt out and he dropped it.

"What is it, dear, what is it?" he said, in great distress, for the sight of her alone in the wet and dark, in tears, moved him beyond himself, and indeed he would have been no man if it had not.

She tried to answer, but, poor thing, she could not, and in another minute, to tell the honest truth, she had exchanged the gate-post for Harold's broad shoulder, and was finishing her "cry" there.

Now to see a young and pretty woman weeping (more especially if she happens to be weeping in your arms) is a very trying thing. It is trying even if you don't happen to be in love with her at all. But if you are in love with her, however little, it is dreadful; whereas if, as in the present case, you happen to worship her—more, perhaps, than it is good to worship any fallible human creature—then the sight is positively overpowering. And so, indeed, it proved in the present instance. The Colonel could not bear it, but lifting her head from his shoulder, he kissed her sweet face again and again. Now nature has generally a remedy for most ills if only the physician knows where to look for it, and there is no doubt that this sort of treatment has before now proved efficacious in many similar cases. At any rate, it answered here, for presently Ida grew quieter.

"Don't," she said, feebly—a phrase common to the sex in such circumstances from duchesses to milkmaids, and one full of human nature.

"What is it, darling?" he said. "What is the matter?"

"Leave go of me. I will tell you," she answered.

He obeyed, though with some unwillingness, for the situation was not without its charms.

She hunted for her handkerchief and wiped her eyes, and then at last she spoke.

"I am engaged to be married," she said, in a low voice, "to Mr. Cossey."

Then, for about the first time in his life, Harold Quaritch swore violently in the presence of a lady.

"Oh, —— it all!" he said.

She took no notice of the strength of the language; perhaps, indeed, she re-echoed it in some feminine equivalent.

"It is true," she said, with a sigh. "I knew that it would come—those dreadful things always do—and it was not my fault; I am sure that you will always remember that. I had to do it; he advanced the money on the express condition, and even if I could pay back the money, I suppose that I should be bound to carry out the bargain. It is not the money that he wants, but his bond."

"Curse him for an infernal Shylock!" said Harold again, and he groaned in his bitterness and jealousy.

"Is there nothing to be done?" he asked, presently, in a harsh voice, for he was very hard hit.

"Nothing," she answered, sadly. "I do not see what can help us, unless the man died," she said; "and that is not likely. Harold," she went on, addressing him for the first time in her life by his Christian name, for she felt that after crying upon a man's shoulder it is ridiculous to scruple about calling him by his name—"Harold, there is no help for it. I did it myself, remember, because, as I told you, I do not think that any one woman has a right to place her individual happiness before the welfare of her family. And I am only sorry," she added, her voice breaking a little, "that what I have done should bring suffering upon you."

He groaned again, but said nothing.

"We must try to forget," she went on, wildly. "Oh, no, no! I know that it is not possible that we should forget. You won't forget me, Harold, will you? And though it must be all over between us—we must never speak like this again, never—you will always know that I have not forgotten you, will you not, but that I think of you always?"

"There is no fear of my forgetting," he said; "and I am selfish enough to hope that you will think of me at times, dear."

"Yes, indeed I will. We all have our burdens to bear. It is a hard world, and we must bear them. And it will all be the same in the end, in just a few years. I dare say these dead people here have felt the same, and how quiet they are! And perhaps there may be something beyond, where things are not so. Who can say? You won't go away from this place, Harold, will you? Not until I am married, at any rate; perhaps you had better go then. Say that you won't go till then, and you will let me see you sometimes; it is such a comfort to see you."

"I should have gone, certainly," he said—"to New Zealand, probably; but if you wish it I will stop for the present."

"Thank you; and now good-by, my dear, good-by. No, don't come with me; I can find my own way home. And now why do you wait? Good-by, good-by forever in this way. Yes, kiss me once, and swear that you will never forget me. Marry if you wish to; but don't forget me, Harold. Forgive me for speaking so plainly; but I speak as one about to die to you, and I wish things to be clear."

"I shall never marry, and I shall never forget you," he answered. "Good-by, my love, good-by."

In another minute she had vanished into the storm and rain, out of his sight and out of his life, but not out of his heart.

And he, too, turned and went his way into the wild and lonely night.

An hour afterward, Ida came down into the drawing-room dressed for dinner, looking rather pale but otherwise quite herself. Presently the old Squire arrived. He had been attending a magistrates' meeting in a neighboring town, and had only just got home.

"Why, Ida," he said, "I could not find you anywhere. I met George as I was driving from Boisingham, and he told me that he saw you walking through the park."

"Did he," she answered, indifferently. "Yes, I have been out. It was so stuffy in-doors. Father," she went on, with a change of tone, "I have something to tell you. I am engaged to be married."

He looked at her curiously, and then said, quietly—the Squire was always quiet in any matter of real emergency: "Indeed, my dear. That is a serious matter. However, speaking off-hand, I think that, notwithstanding the disparity of age, Quaritch—"

"No, no," she said, wincing visibly, "I am not engaged to Colonel Quaritch; I am engaged to Mr. Cossey."

"Oh," he said—"oh, indeed! I thought from what I saw that—that—"

At this moment the servant announced dinner.

"Well, never mind about it now, father," she said; "I am tired, and want my dinner. Mr. Cossey is coming to see you to-morrow, and we can talk about it afterward."

And though the Squire thought about it a good deal, he made no further allusion to the subject that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AFFLICTED CITY.

In itself, and without the aid of written comment, Mr. Rogers's spirited cartoon on our front page expresses a condition of distress, relieved by generous and substantial sympathy, that will at once appeal to the imagination. Jacksonville, prostrate and sorely stricken, is protected by the encircling shields of her sister cities. And great is her need of this protection, without which her situation would indeed be desperate. For eight weeks she has been doing battle with a pestilence that defies human opposition to its awful ravages, and can be surely checked by but one known agency. The offspring of heat and humidity, yellow-fever yields only to the power of frost, and until that welcome ally comes to her relief, Jacksonville must continue to wage the unequal contest, and must rely for aid upon the pitying generosity of her sister communities.

In spite of the general supposition that Florida is a land of perpetual summer, in which cold is unknown, the whole State is during the winter months more or less subject to the influence of frosts, and in the latitude of Jacksonville they are of frequent occurrence from November until March. It is not, however, likely that a black frost, which alone can kill the fever germs, and which is now so earnestly prayed for throughout the upper portion of the Peninsular State, can visit it before the latter part of November, and until then the fever must rage unchecked, save by the diminution of the material upon which it feeds.

In order to decrease the number of possible victims the depopulating of the city has been urged as rapidly as possible ever since the first appearance of the pest, and now a full half of its citizens are refugees. Thousands of them are established in camps located among the healthful piny woods within a radius of twenty miles from the city. These, of necessity idle, deprived of all the luxuries, most of the comforts, and many of what are generally considered the necessities of life, are almost as sorely in need of food, shelter, clothing, and the aid that only money can supply as are the twelve thousand souls whom a hard fate compels to remain within the city limits.

At this writing the total number of those who have succumbed to the influence of the fever in Jacksonville is close upon a thousand, while the deaths already number over a hundred. Business is entirely suspended, the city is almost isolated from the outside world, and an ominous, almost unbroken stillness broods continually over its streets and along its once busy wharves.

With the coming of the blessed frost all this will be changed; the plague will disappear suddenly and utterly; long suspended-business will be resumed with an abnormal activity; the throngs of refugees will return to their abandoned homes; the great winter hotels, that, having been closed since last May, can by no possibility have become infected, will be once more thrown open; the throbbing tide of winter travel will again ebb and flow through the city, and this time of its terrible trial will have become but a sad memory. There will also be memories of the quick and generous replies to the very first appeal for aid, and Jacksonville will always recall her time of tribulation with a warm thrill of gratitude, for it has shown her that she is well loved and tenderly cherished among the great sisterhood of American cities.

R. L. Walker, agent of the Ocean Steam-ship Co. (Savannah line), pier 35, North River, and J. D. Hashagen, agent of the S. F. and W. R. R., announce that all contributions sent to the above pier for the sufferers at Jacksonville will be forwarded free of charge.

FRIENDS OF THE GOVERNOR.

The power of bar-room politics has been variously estimated. It may not be possible to determine the extent of this influence in the coming election, but all of it will be cast for Governor Hill, who has courted it by his veto of the high-license bill and in other ways, and against Warner Miller, the Republican candidate for Governor, who in the avowal of his sympathy for high license has estranged saloon support. The picture on page 708 shows the type of men who at this time are conspicuously zealous for Governor Hill's re-election. They are not without spectacular interest. In the group of two the discussion has reached the point of intensity. A careless observer might think that the man with the slouch hat was filled with the spirit of objection, and was about to retort upon his companion under the sting of some galling personal remark, but the fact is that he is merely overpowered by the other's wisdom, the presence of which in astonishing quantities might be suspected by one familiar with these matters in a person of the speaker's exalted physiognomy. He is undoubtedly extolling the Governor in choice phrase and with mellow utterance, and the listening man is touched with a sort of acquiescent paralysis, which has arrested his glass in mid-air and set his features in a hopeless and rather painful expression of concurrence and wonder.

In the group of three the discussion is of a far lighter nature. It is at the point of anecdote and easy badinage. There is so much of what seems like dreamy and beatific retrospection in these square-jawed and typical faces that one might suspect the solid owners of being occupied with recollections of a horse-race; but it is really the flying scud of political eloquence, issuing copiously and easily from all three, and all in praise and to the glory of Governor Hill, which makes the charm and induces the expression. In other circumstances there might seem to be a good deal of staleness about this jovial interchange, but just here is made apparent the wonderful power of the bar. Political subject-matter, jokes included, may be neither creditable nor clever, and still be made to seem full of fascination under the shine of the mirrors and the cut glass, the polish of the hard-wood finishings, the soft tobacco clouds, the smell of mint and lemon-peel, and the other delicate influences of the place.

In the picture there are two persons who are not taking an oral part, but who are decidedly competent to do so. The observer will note the phrenological evidences of the bar-tenders. Those round and compact heads are domes of political knowledge. They are men of poise, acumen, and power. Their nerves are perfectly subordinated. Amid the awful storms of a primary they would stand like rocks. They are liable at any time to be called away from their present occupation to fill some political place in the Governor's gift; indeed, if the Governor fail to recognize their services he will be flagrantly ungrateful, for they have stood for him as a tower, and have maintained his principles unflinchingly and with unflagging zeal.

"RE-ENFORCEMENTS"—THE WAR VETERANS.

Reminiscences of the great conflict of a quarter of a century ago always come with the autumn reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic. This year the gathering was held at Columbus, Ohio, during the second week of September, and in the present issue of the Weekly the spirited double-page illustration of Thulstrup, "Reenforcements to the Front," may recall to many a veteran of the civil war incidents of experience as in peaceful comradeship they "fight their battles o'er."

The Grand Army of the Republic has had a remarkable growth, and now, twenty-three years and more after the close of the war, although so many veterans have been taken away by death, it continues each year to enlarge its roll of membership by greater and greater gains. The organization was founded in April, 1866, at Decatur, Illinois, by Major Stephenson, of Springfield, who had been a surgeon in an Illinois regiment. The idea having occurred to him to establish a society of Union soldiers and sailors, he developed a ritual and a method of organization, and determined to muster the first Post in the town where the printing of his forms and rules was done. The second Post was then formed at Springfield, and Post after Post was added, Dr. Stephenson before many months mustering one as far east as Philadelphia. Each State was constituted a Department, and Department Commanders began to be elected. The first National Encampment was held in the fall of that year at Indianapolis, General Hurlbut being chosen Commander-in-Chief. The second National Encampment was held in January, 1868, at Philadelphia, and there the organization was greatly revised and improved, and put on its basis of to-day. General John A. Logan was chosen Commander-in-Chief, and infused the organization with his well-known energy. One of the earliest acts of his administration was to establish Memorial Day, now a public holiday, and likely to so continue through generations.

The Grand Army steadily increased in numbers and influence, holding its annual encampments in various parts of the country, as far east as Boston and as far west as San Francisco. Subordinate bodies have become connected with it, a prominent one being the Woman's Relief Corps. In the annual address of Commander-in-Chief John P. Rea, at Columbus, it was stated that on March 31, 1888, the total membership in good standing was 354,216—a net gain of 33,280. This gain was 7681 larger than that of the previous year, although 4433 comrades had died during the year, being an increase of nearly one-third over the previous year's deaths. On June 30th there appeared to be 395,245 names on the rolls; and "to this," says the address, "may safely be added a sufficient number out on transfer cards to swell the grand total to 400,000." During the year $215,975 was expended in charity. Such figures attest the magnitude of this organization.

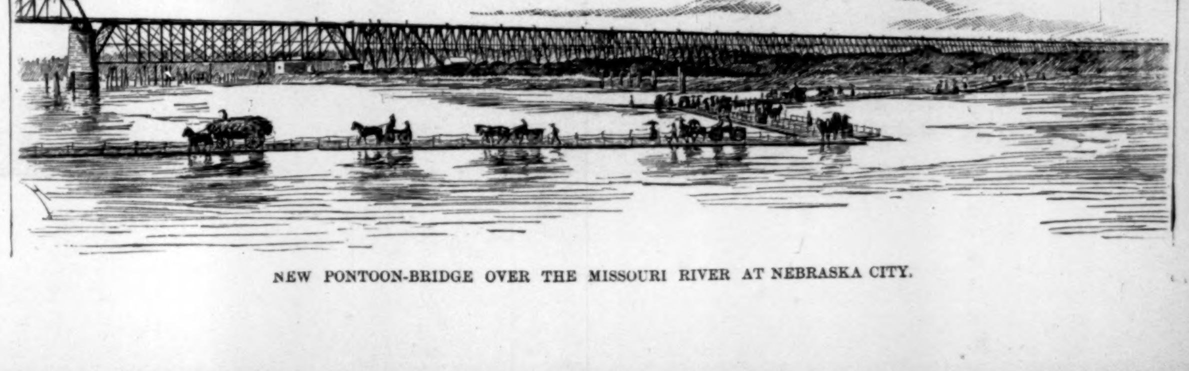
The new Commander-in-Chief, elected at Columbus, Major William Warner, of Kansas City, served in the Thirty-fourth and Forty-seventh Wisconsin, and is a member of the present Congress from Missouri, as he was also of the last. His combined military and legislative experience promise a successful administration.

A LONG PONTOON-BRIDGE.

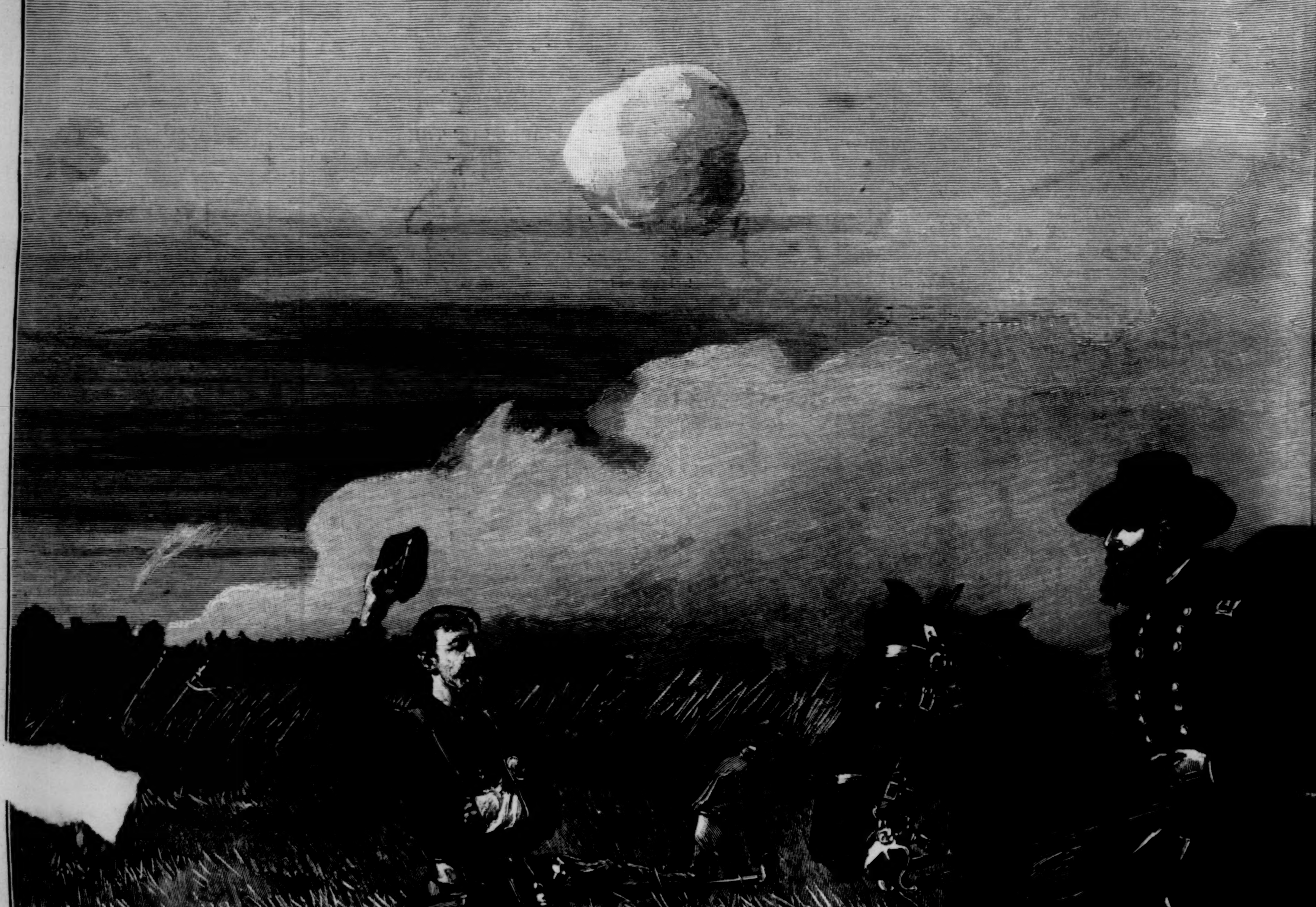
Nebraska City celebrated on the 30th of August the completion of her new steel pontoon-bridge across the Missouri, which is said to be the longest of its kind in the world. The project of bridging the great river at this point was organized long ago, but the borings and soundings were not made until the autumn of 1886, and the actual construction was begun in June, 1887. The corner-stone of the masonry was laid November 3, 1887; the first piece of metal was put in position on February 13, 1888, and the last piece on June 8th.

The bridge is of steel, having three spans, two of them of 400 feet each, and one of 325, making the entire length 1125 feet. Its entire weight is 1489 tons. The two stone piers are 85 feet high, and 18 by 46 feet at the base. The roadway is 16 feet wide, with a footway of 5½ feet on one side and 3 feet on the other, making a total of 24½ feet. One of its prominent features is a V-shaped draw, with the point of the V down-stream, which is thrown open by the current to allow boats to pass. This draw is said to be the largest in the world—nevertheless, it can be closed by one man, without the aid of steam-power. The great rapidity and strength of the current at this point of the broad Missouri had produced an impression upon the people and upon some engineers that a successful floating bridge could not be constructed at Nebraska City, and this delayed the attempt for ten years after Congress had granted the right. The steel wire cable will be trebled for the spring floods, the bows made iron-clad, and the bottoms doubled with oak, while during the ice season the bridge will be removed altogether. While the bridge was under construction the water reached within two feet of high-water mark, and many great logs passed under the boats. The V draw is adopted, as it would be difficult to close a straight draw of the required size on such a stream.

While the pontoon-bridge crosses the main river where it is 1074 feet wide, the other arm of the river is traversed by a crib-bridge 1050 feet in length. The bridge was built by Colonel S. N. Stewart, of Philadelphia. Nebraska City made a gala-day of the completion, and its railroad facilities will be greatly improved by this substitution of direct route for river transfer.



NEW PONTOON-BRIDGE OVER THE MISSOURI RIVER AT NEBRASKA CITY.



“RE-ENFORCEMENTS.”—From the Paintin

TING BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

TERRY.

By EDITH BROWER.

Terry and Bob and Jin and the three babies were playing in the culm-pile behind the house.

On the back door-step sat "Mam," not much cleaner than her children, and wet into the bargain, for she had been working hard since morning to get out a heavy wash for the men in the boarding-house across the way. The clothes were now hanging to dry on the fences, and Mam was resting and watching the children, well content that they should be thus employed, since it kept her motherly heart from anxiety lest they might stray into the street, where heavy coal-carts constantly passed, or, worse, on to the track just beyond the breaker. As for the dirt, she gave it no thought. The clothes they wore now they kept on night and day until worn out. Once a week they got their hands and faces washed, "though 'twa'n't much use," as Mam said, "for they'll clip right into the culm ag'in"; and she never spoke truer in her life. Mrs. Walsh was not far behind her neighbors in her indifference to cleanliness, but most of them exceeded her in outward shows of godliness; that is, so far as church attendance goes. With few exceptions, all the Black Diamonders were Roman Catholics, and although the nearest church was full four miles away, yet every Sunday, even in the worst weather, a goodly number of both men and women trudged piously thither, the latter arrayed winter and summer in red blanket shawls and archaic velvet bonnets adorned with jiggling flowers. But Mrs. Walsh, born a Protestant, had married a Catholic who did not consider religion as a daily walk, but preferred taking flying leaps heavenward by going to mass once a year. And this lack of spiritual surroundings, together with her being much engaged in increasing, multiplying, and replenishing the earth, had so far succeeded in drawing the poor woman's thoughts away from heaven that she had actually forgotten there was such a place. And as for the children, they had never even heard of its existence. They knew when Sunday came, for then they got their faces washed, "Dad" ate breakfast in clean clothes, and all the neighbors went off somewhere, but to what place, or for what purpose, it had not yet entered into their infant minds to inquire. They sometimes wished that Mam owned a red blanket shawl and a bonnet with jiggling flowers, and Terry, who was eight years old, had secretly resolved that when he grew to be a big man and could work, his first money should be devoted to purchasing these luxuries for her. She had now nothing but a sunbonnet, which she wore all day, in-doors and out, and only took off when she went to bed.

After she had once shut the youngsters into the front room, which served as family bed-chamber, she always considered them as disposed of, and sat down to doze or gossip undisturbed before the kitchen fire until Dad should return. On week nights his incoming was uproarious, but on Sunday nights, as befitting the sacred time, he entered with solemn gayety and slow, steering with curious certainty straight for the door, which on other occasions was apt to elude his aim—turning the handle and shutting himself in with circumspection. At this point, all necessity for such unusual care being over, he would surrender himself to the exigencies of the situation and fall in an unstudied attitude upon the kitchen floor, where he usually remained all night. From this it might be judged that there is such a thing as drinking one's self sober. At any rate, Mr. Walsh's conduct was certainly marked by more *apparent* sobriety when he had had the whole day for imbibing, than when he had had only a few evening hours.

Terry was always glad when Sunday night came, for then he was not wakened up by Dad's "noise." On other nights his faithful little heart would not permit him to sleep, for Dad sometimes made it lively for Mam, and Terry was obliged to step in and check his wild exuberance of spirits, else Mam got no rest. The child exerted a wonderful power over his father; a power born of utter fearlessness. Mr. Walsh was so conscious of this influence, even in his wildest moods, that often the mere appearance in the doorway of that dauntless little figure would prove a sufficient quietus. The demon in him yielded at once to the strange magic of a superior spirit. But again it took all the physical force that poor Terry had to quell the demon and save his mother from a black eye or a broken head. With an alertness gained by long practice, the boy would make a spring like a wild beast, clutch his father about the body, and cling there like grim death, thus diverting attention from the mother. To free himself from this encumbrance the madman would cast away stool, teakettle, or broomstick, which was serving him as temporary weapon of offense, and a hand-to-hand conflict would ensue between him and his tiny tormentor, who never once let go his grip until victory was sure.

To-day was Monday, and Dad had as usual, after his long hebdomadal carouse, gone very late to work in the morning; consequently he was not expected home very early in the afternoon. Still, it was now getting far past the time when he should come, and Mam went occasionally to the front gate to see if her "old man" was not yet in sight. The water was ready in the tub and getting cold, the potatoes had boiled soft long ago, and the children, whose stomachs were their clocks, knew by these unerring timepieces that Dad ought to be on hand; and having come down from the pile, were clamoring about the door after the manner of all hungry animals. Although Mam had never read Browning, she knew just as well as if she had that "when body gets its sop" it "holds its noise," and accordingly resolved to dish out part of the supper without further delay, and rid herself of "them nuisances." She was just going about it when confused and unwonted sounds at the front of the house made her stop to listen.

Steps there were, surely—heavy steps—and a banging against the door. Could Dad be coming home drunk at this unheard-of hour? It went through her mind that this it was that had kept him so long. But never, even on Sunday nights, did he come in at the front door. Meanwhile the children, hearing something, had run around the side of the house, and now Terry came rushing back, pale through his griminess, crying, "It's Dad! it's Dad!" Puzzled and half frightened, Mrs. Walsh went quickly through the front room and opened the door. It *was* Dad, sure enough, but he was not drunk. He was lying upon a board carried by four men—miners all, and black from their work—and the four staggered under their burden as they brought it in and laid it upon two chairs which they motioned Mrs. Walsh to place. Then they uncovered their heads, and stood in silence.

Now only did the poor woman realize what had happened. She stared wildly at the men, at the crowd of neighbors already gathered in sympathetic curiosity at the open door, then tearing herself loose from the children, who clung bewildered to her skirts, cast herself shrieking upon her husband's stiffened body. Bob and Jin set up a cry, in which the babies joined, none of them knowing exactly what they were crying for, but Terry knelt by his mother's side, though he did not touch her nor speak to her. He could not cry out as the others did; he felt choked with the shock and strangeness. Mr. Walsh was the victim of that very common accident, a fall of coal in the mines, which had broken his neck. He was thus mercifully spared the lingering torments which so often follow such disasters.

That night, thanks to the friendly officiousness of neighbors, the remains were laid out decently in the kitchen, with candles at head and feet. Mrs. Walsh, being a Protestant, would not have a wake, but consented to candles. It was a memorable night for Terry. He went to bed as usual with Bob and Jin and two of the babies, but the crowding, at other times the occasion of fun, now annoyed him. Then the thought of poor Mam over there in her bed alone (except the littlest baby, who didn't count) was dreadful. He could hear her sob and draw long sighs in the darkness. He must go to her. So, slipping out from his bed, he crept into hers, and putting his little arms about the weeping woman, soon lulled her to sleep by the same strange power by which he had formerly exorcised the demon in his father. But for Terry himself there was no sleep. To this child of eight years had come the Awakening. Ignorance hung still in thick unlifted clouds about him, but a dim light had penetrated to his poor little cabined soul, like that ghostly first dawn of which hunters tell us. He had thought on death. What it was he did not know, but it was something. It had no name for him, but it existed. Often before had he seen men brought home like Dad, and worse too, all bleeding and mangled. They were carried off in boxes and never came back, and their friends cried, and it was said that these men were dead; but until now Terry had not gone one single step beyond, to wonder or to ask what it meant to be dead. His life had been as purely an animal one as the possession of a naturally fine mind would allow. If he went beyond his brother and sister, or even beyond his mother, in considering the condition of the family, it was from a material stand-point alone that he viewed it. To eat, drink, sleep, and play was life to him. So far, Soul had not wanted anything, and consequently knew not of her own being. But to-day Soul had suddenly seen something that Body could not see.

The "bright angel" hovering over that stiffened black form had in some way managed to reveal its presence, if not itself, and Terry's soul had mutely replied to that mute beckoning. As he lay in the dark, with his arms around his mother, hearing only the low voices of the watchers in the next room, knowing that Dad's body lay there too, he yet felt as if part of Dad were here in this room. He was not frightened to think of it as present yet not seen. In childish unconnected fashion he thought over his little past. There wasn't much to think of, but what there was he turned over and over again. There were many things he couldn't understand, things that had never troubled him before. What was it all about, anyway? Why did people work and eat, and sleep and eat, and work again? Did they have to do it? Couldn't they stop doing it if they wanted to? Dad had stopped now—did he want to stop? Why was part of him in here and part of him in there? (For Terry, having once settled the duality of Dad, never questioned it again.) The part in the kitchen couldn't do anything; could the part in here do anything? With a flash of spiritual insight it came to Terry that this was the only part that ever had done anything. The new thought was too bewildering. The child sat up in his excitement, and for the first time in his life he felt alone.

Did Mam know anything about this? He would wake her up and ask her. But then came an instinctive feeling that Mam didn't know. Bob and Jin didn't know either. They hardly were sorry that Dad was dead. Terry was sorry. Dad was always good to him, and would always stop hollering and hitting Mam when he told him to. Dad was really good; not the part that hit and hollered, but the other part. Did everybody have two parts? Yes, it must be; Dad couldn't be the only one who had. What was the other part like? Terry's brain, thus suddenly roused to such novel and abnormal activity, pictured the whole population of Black Diamond in procession, each one furnished with a "part" that you couldn't see, but was there all the same. These spectres stalked back and forth before his mind's eye until he thought he should scream as Mam did to-day, but he restrained himself lest he should wake the sleeping ones.

Presently his thoughts took a more practical turn. He must go to work now. He could pick slate and earn some money; not enough, though, to save Mam from washing. Bob might work too, but he was afraid Bob couldn't. Bob was often sick; that is, he was nearly always sick when Mam wanted to send him down to the store. Terry sometimes was sick too. When he hadn't had quite enough to eat, he felt sick, but he guessed he never was so sick as Bob, because he could always go, and Bob couldn't. Bob could play when he was sick; playing wasn't so hard. It would be hard for Terry to give up playing and work all day. Bob and Jin would miss him. He thought, with a pang, of the delightful culm-pile. But Duty had spoken, and his heart responded, "Here am I." Having firmly taken this resolve, he felt better and went to sleep.

The next two days brought a medley of new sensations. The neighbors coming in to offer consolation and call up the dead man's virtues (lest perchance they might be interred with his bones); the bringing of the long box, and the laying of Dad in it; the funeral carriages—in one of which the entire Walsh family, including the youngest, rode; the long, slow procession all the way to town, where none of the children had ever been; the wonderful church service, so unintelligible and imposing; the subsequent strange and dreadful experience at the cemetery, where Dad was actually put down into a deep hole in the ground and covered up; the rattling, bouncing ride home, and the house so empty and queer-seeming—not because Dad wasn't there, but because he never would be there any more—all these things were to one at least of the Walsh family as a dream, but a dream in which, though he did not know it, there was more reality than in all the life that had gone before. Terry was a man now. Something was required of him, and he felt an inward strength equal to the requirement.

The morning after the funeral, Mrs. Walsh went to her washing again, and Bob and Jin sought the culm, unmindful of anything awry in this world; but Terry hung about the kitchen, for he wished to talk business with his mother, and was trying to get up courage enough to open the subject.

It was hard to begin. He had never suffered before from self-consciousness—that troublesome gift of a newly awakened soul—but now he seemed to be in his own way. He certainly was in his mother's way, for after stumbling over him several times she asked, a little sharply, why he didn't go and play.

"I ain't a-goin' to play no more," said Terry, bravely walking up to the guns at once; "I'm a-goin' to work—to pick slate and get some money for you, now Dad's gone—and I'm a-goin' down to the boss right away, and see if there ain't no place for me." Having delivered himself of which speech, Terry further demonstrated his resolution by walking out of the house toward the breaker, leaving his mother in amazement and tears.

As a result of his conference with the boss he was immediately given a place among the slate-pickers.

The boss was greatly impressed by the dignity of character displayed by Terry on this occasion. "Ye niver seen sich a b'y as Terry Walsh," said he, afterward; "he come up to me in the office as bould as ye plaze, the snip, an' says he: 'Misther, I wants a place to pick slate—have yees wan fur me?' An' I says, to try him like: 'No, there ain't none.' An' he steps a bit nearer, an' says he: 'I heerd say as how Benny Hanks is too growed-up now to pick slate; he's a-goin' to drive mules; can't yees put me in his place?' An' I looked at him hard, and them big eyes o' his'n was shiny but stiddy, an' the divil it was made me say: 'But ye ain't growed-up yet; ye're nothin' more'n a baby.' 'Sure an' I'm no baby,' he says, 'or I'd be a-playin' now wid the other babies; *I'm the man, now Dad's gone!*' Sure's ye're livin' the purty rogue said that—an' he no bigger than my thumb, an' *that* poor in his ligs an' arrums! But he's got a head on him, and he worruks better nor all the slate-pickers in a heap."

Terry earned the not-to-be-despised sum of forty cents a day for his work. This amount, added to his mother's wash-money, kept the family in about the same condition as when Mr. Walsh was alive, since but a small part of that worthy man's earnings ever found its way into his wife's hands. Terry was very happy in his new position. Every day he felt bigger and more important; but the work tired him. Accustomed to run about freely from morning till night, the continued sitting cramped him, and the ever-sliding mass of coal into which he must reach to pick out the chunks of slate often made him dizzy. Besides, the rough and cruel boys with whom he was associated made his life miserable at times. But he had much to think about, and he thought with the incessancy of children who have no one of whom they can ask questions.

He pondered much over what he had seen in the church. Bob and Jin had been delighted with the images, ornaments, and bright colors. Terry had noticed these with awe and admiration, but what had struck him chiefly, and what now remained with him, were the actions and gestures of priest and people.

The priest had looked up and talked, and the people had shut their eyes and talked—he had seen them moving their lips. Whom were they talking to? This was Dad's funeral, but they didn't seem to be talking to Dad. He was in the box and nobody looked at him. They talked to something they couldn't see, and bowed their heads to it. Was it—? Terry scarcely dared think it—was *the other part* of Dad there, and were they talking and bowing to it? He ached to ask somebody. To think that all those people knew, and the priest knew and might tell him if he could only ask! He felt quite sure that Mam knew nothing at all about it, and equally sure that he never could tell her his thoughts. Sometimes he was almost on the verge of scepticism, if one may be a sceptic without a system of doctrines to doubt. What had made him think that about Dad? There was no such thing! At such times he was very unhappy, though he couldn't have told why.

One day, shortly after beginning work at the breaker, a big boy threw a large piece of coal at him which struck his leg and caused a bruise. Terry did not tell of this at home for fear his mother should forbid his going any more to pick slate. Weeks passed and it did not heal, but grew more sore, and hurt him so some days that he could hardly drag himself to work, though he always ran until out of sight of the house. One morning he could not get up. He had lain awake all night, his head feeling as hot as the engine-room, and his mouth tasting worse than the mines smelt. The three babies slept with Mam now, so he had only Bob and Jin in bed with him, but since there had been more room, Bob had taken more, and on this particular night he had taken much more than usual, and kicked very hard. Several times he had kicked Terry's sore leg so that he could hardly keep from screaming out. After Mam got up Terry tried to, but it was no use trying—he couldn't move his head. Bob and Jin tumbled out over him, but he didn't care, they couldn't hurt him more than his leg hurt already. Now he would have to tell Mam, and she would say he shouldn't work any more among those bad boys, and he'd never be able to save money and buy her a red shawl and a bonnet with flowers that jiggled—and she'd have to wash and wash and wash and never stop, but keep going on and on and on and sliding down the shoots—no, the coal slid down the shoots, and the slate slid down the wash-board, and the culm-pile slid, and everything slid, and poor Terry slid away for a time out of the Here into the Nowhere.

Terry opened his eyes. How light it was! How tall the windows had grown, and how big the room! But the bed had grown small; there was only room for one in it—and the other bed where Mam had left the babies when she got up—why—where was that bed? and the babies? Yonder was a bed with a little girl in it, and another bed with an old woman in it, and over by one of the tall bright windows sat a big girl with a bandage over her eyes.

And there were some empty beds, also little, and clean, oh, so clean!—and coming toward him with a lovely smile and a white cap was the cleanest-looking woman he had ever seen. What had happened? Where was he? for now it had dawned fully upon him that this place was not home. The woman, in a voice as charming as her cap and smile, asked him how he felt. As he didn't yet know how he felt, he made no reply, but matched her smile with another so enchanting that she kissed him. This seemed a queer thing to Terry, as he had never been kissed in his life; however, he couldn't have said that he disliked it. In fact, it caused him to smile still more enchantingly than before, which gained him another kiss. Then the woman brought a bowl with a sort of pink porridge in it, which she fed to him with a spoon. Then she dressed his leg, which process Terry watched with great interest. She was as gentle as a fairy and didn't hurt him at all. He knew his leg must be getting well, for he hardly felt it now.

Terry had been brought to the hospital in a raving condition. The injury he had received, aggravated by bad blood and a general low state of the system, had produced fever, which his recent mental excitement sent to the brain. For days he had lain in a seemingly hopeless condition; but this morning the fever had abated, and he woke to intelligence again. He now gained rapidly, being able in a few days to sit up, and after a week or so to go about in a wheel-chair. Mam came to see him once a week, and always brought Bob or Jin with her. Mam didn't talk much during these visits—there wasn't anything to talk about—but she brought him peanuts and candy, which, however, he was not allowed to eat. One day Bob brought him a piece of peacock coal, and another day Jin brought a potato blossom, which she had pulled through the fence from the garden next door.

Every one was good to Terry, and he felt very happy. He made frequent visits to the men's ward, where he saw much that was wonderful and entertaining. There were men with their broken legs in boxes suspended by cords from high wooden frames; men with broken backs lying on beds of water; men horribly burned by fire-damp, wrapped in white cloths from head to foot, and smelling of oil; but this small transcendentalist was especially gratified by a certain man whose leg had been cut off, and who moaned all the time, because, as Evans the nurse said, the cut-off leg hadn't been buried in a comfortable position. The toes were bent under, and the man could feel those toes hurting all the time, and would feel them until they were laid straight. Terry begged Evans to see to the immediate reinterment of the leg, for he hated to hear the man moan; but all the same, he delighted in the idea of feeling one's toes when they weren't there. He thought deeply about it, and although he couldn't exactly see the connection, it made him believe more firmly what he had thought about Dad.

He also spent many hours in the matron's room quietly looking at picture-books, or, if she were at leisure to listen and reply, questioning her; for at length he had found somebody to whom he could unbosom himself. Upon entering the room for the first time, he had been struck by a picture of the Madonna and Child. It was Holbein's gracious Queen of Heaven, holding the sick infant. It reminded him immediately of the crowned image he had seen in church, but to which at the time he had given little attention. The matron, observing his interest, asked,

"Who is it, Terry?"

As he did not know, he shook his head to that effect, speech being ever with him more precious than rubies. But he looked the question back, to which she replied,

"That is our Saviour."

Terry gazed still more earnestly at the picture. At length he said,

"There's two of 'em."

"Yes," said the matron; "the one is sick so that the other can be well!" thinking to puzzle him, unaware of the metaphysical depths of his mind, which instantly received and welcomed the most abstruse ideas. Again he looked at the picture.

"Will he make me well too?"

"Yes," said she. He now seemed satisfied for the time, and turned to other things.

The next day he came again, and wheeling himself up in front of the picture, asked suddenly,

"Does he stay there all the time?"

"Stay where?"

"Up there?" pointing with his finger.

"He isn't really there at all," said the matron; "that is only a picture of him."

"Where does he live?"

"We can't see the place where he lives—we don't know where it is, but he is where God is."

"Who is God?" demanded Terry, sitting rigid and staring her almost out of countenance with his great, starry eyes. She felt very much as if a small cannon were pointed at her, firing out bombs in rapid succession, but she answered,

"God is our Father who made us all and loves us and is always near us, though we can't see him."

These words sounded very familiar to Terry; there was no difficulty in believing that; hadn't he felt Dad near even when he couldn't see him? But—you *could* see part of Dad.

"Where's the part of God you *can* see?" demanded this merciless catechiser.

The good matron thought a moment, and then, drawing her chair close to Terry's, told him how men had felt God always yet never seen him; that at length this little child had come to show them what God was like—that he was the part they could see, and although he had seemed to go away, yet he was really here with us just as God is; because he was the eldest Son of the Good Father, and so worked with his Father to help us, his younger brothers and sisters, and to make us good. Terry listened with hunger in his eyes. It was the first morsel of food his starving soul had ever received. He made no comments upon what he had heard, nor did he at this time ask more questions, but as his shyness wore off he plied her with questions of all sorts, many of which she could not answer; and one day he told her, as well as his poor little vocabulary would allow, of the strange vision, or rather revelation, he had after his father's death.

"Perhaps it was God, and not Dad, in the room," he said, "but I thought it was Dad."

All this while Terry's poor leg, which he believed to be getting well because it did not hurt, was growing steadily worse. The redness disappeared, but it turned brown and then black. Gangrene had set in. His half-fed, squalid existence before coming to the hospital, added to probable hereditary tendencies, had induced a condition of the blood which, even with youth in his favor, it was wellnigh impossible to cure. There was a chance, however, and the physicians decided to give him the benefit of it. His leg was to be cut off. It was a slim chance, for his general health hardly warranted him sufficient force to recover from the inevitable nervous shock, but in consideration of his understanding and good sense it was thought advisable to tell him of the proposed operation, and also of the extent of its danger.

The matron broke the news to him, which he received very calmly. Then she added, "The doctors say that you are not very strong and may not get well again."

"Would I have to stay here always then?" asked Terry. "I should like to stay with you, but Mam needs me, and I guess I could pick slate with one leg."

The truth had to be told.

"But you may die—sometimes people die while their legs are being taken off." Terry looked up at the Christ-child.

"Then I'd be where he is, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, you'd be where he is."

"All right," said Terry. "I'd like that better nor bein' here, or home pickin' slate."

"But you couldn't see your mother any more, or your brothers and sisters."

"Oh yes, I could," replied this young spiritualist. "I'd be there just like Dad is."

She also told him there was a chance of his getting well, to which he replied that they might take his leg off as soon as they liked, only he hoped that they'd bury it straight so that it wouldn't hurt him afterward, and the matron promised to attend to this matter herself.

The amputation was to take place that afternoon. So Terry left three messages to be delivered in the event of his death under the knife.

One was to his mother, to the effect that he was glad his leg had been hurt, because if it hadn't he would never have found out about God, and that if she wanted to find out about God she had better come here. Also that he had always meant to buy her a red shawl and a bonnet with flowers, but now he was afraid he couldn't. Bob was enjoined to try and not get sick any more, but go to work immediately, and save Mam from washing so much. The third message was for the boss, asking him to give Bob his (Terry's) place in the breaker. Having thus settled his worldly affairs, he awaited cheerfully the hour of doom.

Although Terry did not die under the operation, he never rallied from it. As soon as the effects of the chloroform passed away, he asked for his mother. She came, bringing Bob and Jin.

The matron gave them his messages in his presence. When poor Mam heard hers she broke down utterly, and threw herself by the bedside, crying, "I *did* know about God once, my darling, but I forgot him long ago."

Terry looked at her, then at Bob and Jin, and back to her again. "Yes, I'll tell him and Jin too, and the babies," she said.

That night he rallied a little, so that he could speak, and sent for the matron.

"I've been there," he said, as soon as she came. He spoke so feebly that she could hardly hear him, but his eyes gleamed like suns.

"Where have you been, Terry?"

"Where *he* is."

"And what was it like there?"

He opened his lips as if to try and tell what no mortal lips can utter. No words came to answer her question, but in his eyes she read what it was like, and it was like glory—like peace.

BY THE EVENING CAMP FIRE.

"Camping out" possesses a fascination peculiarly its own. There is a freedom about it which appeals to man's wilder nature, for in camp he is under no restraint and bound by no conventional rules. It is a momentary relapse to the barbarous style of living practised by his forefathers, and probably for that reason he enjoys it. But after a few weeks of tent life one is usually glad to return to civilization, and more than satisfied to feel that he is a respectable member of society of the nineteenth century, and is not compelled to live always under the trees, without the comfort of even the few modern conveniences he carried away with him into the woods. To camp with only a chosen companion and a guide in the wilderness is one thing, and to be with a party such as the artist depicts is quite another. In the Adirondacks and in the Maine woods it is not at all uncommon for parties to own their log cabin or tenting ground, and to spend the summer there. Where there are a number of young people in the party there is sure to be a good time in camp, even if they are miles away from a ballroom or theatre. When evening comes, and the party is gathered about the crackling fire, and there is singing and story-telling, then you realize the pleasure of camping out. You feel sure that there will be no interruption to a whispered tête-à-tête, and know that an objectionable caller will not drop in to spoil a song or a good story, unless it is some bug or bat of the woods, and young ladies in camp never pay any attention to such things—or at least they ought not to.

THE MOON A DEAD WORLD
(BUT NEVER LIKE OUR EARTH).

By PROFESSOR RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

I find that some are pained because I speak of the simple theory that the moon is a dead world—a theory which I have long advocated—as insufficient. In reality the theory is only insufficient because it is unduly simple. It is true so far as it goes, but it is not all the truth. If the moon were simply a world like our own, which after passing through precisely such stages of life as our earth has already passed through, and in addition such stages precisely as our earth must pass through in the future, had reached the final stage, world death, she would tell us by her dead face of the future of our earth in a simple and straightforward way. As a matter of fact, though she does not tell us quite so simply of our earth's future, she tells us much which, had she been but a simple miniature of our earth, she would not have told at all. She would tell us of the universal prevalence of the laws of life and death even had her history been in all respects like our earth's; but she has a fuller story to tell. She would show how varied are the conditions and laws of life, even if her life had simply been as the earth's, but shorter lasting. As a matter of fact she tells us of yet wider variety in the conditions of world life—variety extending not only to relations of space and time, but to all the multitudinous conditions of vulcanian, geological, and biological evolution.

I have studied in these columns the probable condition of Mars, a globe not wholly unlike, and of Jupiter, an orb utterly unlike, our earth. I should like now to touch (as concisely) on the probable life history of the moon, an orb probably differing as markedly from the earth in one direction as Jupiter does in the other.

We know now that all the features of the earth as she is, oceans and continents, mountains and valleys, table-lands and prairies, have been brought to their present condition through countless changes progressing during periods of time to be measured by millions or rather by tens of millions of years. We know also that all the various forms of life now existing on the earth, animal and vegetable life alike, have been developed through countless forms during those same vast periods of time. Before we can determine whether another orb has witnessed like material changes we must learn whether the necessary forces have existed, and have acted long enough and under suitable conditions to produce those changes. And this we may hope to do. To determine whether forms of life similar to those on the earth have come into existence in another orb we should have to know much more than we are ever likely to know about the beginning and evolution of life upon our own world, and we should have to know much which we assuredly never shall know about life in other worlds. This part, then, of the comparison between our earth and any other orb whatsoever in space can never be regarded as a subject of scientific inquiry, though it may legitimately serve as a matter of quasi-philosophic speculation.

Dealing with the other and more manageable problem, in the case of our moon we see at once that we have a material life to consider differing greatly from our earth's. There has not been the time in the moon's life for the changes which have taken place on the earth. Not only so, but the material necessary for bringing about those changes has not been present on the moon in sufficient quantity, and the forces for working those materials have been much weaker on the moon than on the earth. Not to cumber these columns with calculations, I note that, according to the most probable estimates, there has been but one-sixth the quantity of water per square mile on the moon that there has been on the earth (in any corresponding stage of the life of each planet), the air has had but one-thirty-sixth of the density, the force of gravity by which air and water do their denuding work has had but one-sixth the power of terrestrial gravity; and these inferior materials were worked by this weaker force for only one-sixth of the time that sub-aerial denudation has been at work upon the earth. It is not to be supposed, with this immense difference in the conditions, that anything like the same work of denudation, or therefore anything like the same work of rock formation, or similar interchanges of land and water, can have taken place on the moon which we know to have taken place on the earth. Even though the moon's face may show the changes wrought during her whole material life, whereas on the earth perhaps but half the planet's life has passed, the greater portion of the difference remains. The moon has certainly lasted as a live orb (speaking of material life only) not nearly so long as our earth, and during that shorter life, even while it was most active, the moon has been the scene of far less energetic processes of change.

In these considerations we at once find the explanation of those characteristics in which the moon's surface differs from our earth's, and we recognize significance in those characteristics which before they did not possess. We see why on the moon the places where masses of molten matter burst their way through immense fissures (some of them thousands of miles in length) can still be recognized, though we find no traces of corresponding features on the earth; for the denuding forces at work on the earth during millions of years have long since removed all such traces from the earth, whereas on the moon such forces have neither worked with sufficient energy nor for a sufficient time to destroy these characteristic features. In like manner we can explain the existence of immense craters on the moon, whereas on our earth the existing craters are much less (absolutely as well as relatively) in extent and are different in character. Doubtless craters of the same sort, probably much more extensive craters, existed once on the earth—indeed we can find what Darwin called their "basal wrecks," though they themselves have disappeared—but on the earth forces energetic enough have been at work long enough to remove the mighty ring-masses once enclosing these craters.

But we can understand what is wanting on the moon's surface, compared with the earth's, as well as what is present. There are no great table-lands and few mountain ranges on the moon as compared with the earth—a contrast which seems the more striking when considered in connection with the moon's singular wealth in all other vulcanian products. It is clear, however, that the two relations are closely associated. There are few mountain ranges and no great table-lands on the moon because mountain ranges and table-lands (as now interpreted by geologists) are products of denudation, precisely as there are more great craters and earlier vulcanian forms on the moon than on the earth because these are the materials on which denudation has in the earth's case more freely worked and during many millions more of years.

It is most interesting to note, however, that though sub-aerial denudation on the moon has worked but little, compared with kindred processes on the earth, yet the moon's face shows clearly that denudation *has* worked on her surface, and has indeed formed products which, though relatively slight, are absolutely massive. The lunar Apennines, though small compared with the Andes or the Himalayas as on the earth, form, nevertheless, a mountain range of considerable dimensions. We cannot reasonably regard a range of this sort, resembling closely the mountain ranges on the earth, as formed in any other manner than our terrestrial mountains; and since we now know certainly that our mountain ranges are products of denudation, and formed mainly beneath the ocean, we must infer that on the moon a wide ocean formerly covered the region where now stand the Apennines, and that denudation worked long enough and with sufficient activity to gather beneath that ocean the seam of buried matter subsequently upheaved by side pressures into this striking mountain range.

On either side of the lunar Apennines we find those broad, dark, and level tracts which have come to be regarded as the floors of ancient seas; and we may infer that the seas which formerly covered these tracts (the so-called "seas" of serenity and of showers) spread formerly over the intermediate region crowned by the Apennine range. It is worthy of notice, as affording further evidence of one great era at least of denudation on the moon, that over both of these tracts we can recognize the signs of buried craters, covered over, but not wholly concealed, by layers of deposited matter. These features, "the ghosts of craters," as they have been called, are among the most interesting, though they are also among the most difficult, subjects for telescopic investigation as applied to the moon.

KISSES.

I.

Dreamy the song the fountain played,
Perfumed the poplar's pleasant shade.
I dared to ask the cool-clad maid
If I a kiss might take.
She flushed, and faltered prettily,
"You may have one—no more," said she,
Pouting her lips coquettishly,
Giving her curls a shake.

II.

I promised. What else could I do
With such a pair of lips in view?
But ere I thought, I'd taken two.
Oh, how severe she frowned!
I stammered out, with downcast eyes,
"Dearest, I did not realize
Your—your—your mouth was such a size—
One kiss would not go round!"

E. D. P.

SOME TOILERS OF THE SEA.

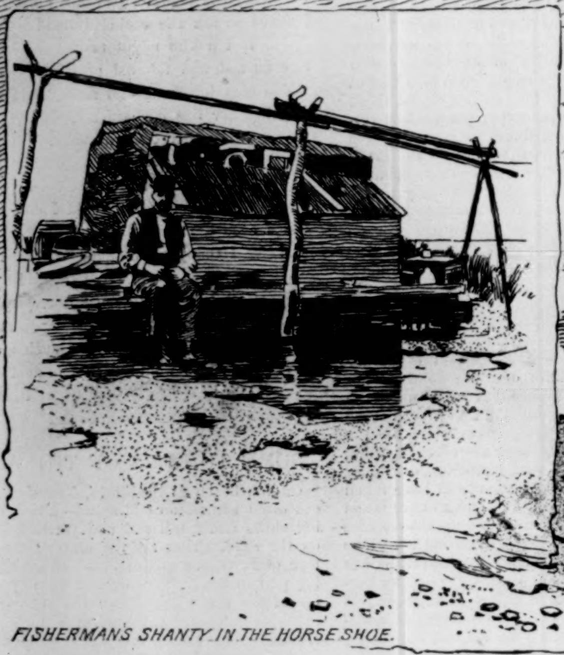
On the beach at Seabright, New Jersey, one can often witness an odd scene—a fleet of fishing skiffs under full sail and yet high and dry on the sand. They are the craft of the fishermen of Nauvoo, a quaint little settlement forming part of Seabright, inhabited entirely by toilers of the sea. They allow the sails of their skiffs to remain set, though the little vessels themselves have been beached, in order that the canvas may dry in the sun. The beach here runs up some sixty feet from the ocean to a bluff, protected by a bulkhead, against which the waves of wintry storms have heaped flotsam and jetsam. On the bluff are the huts and ice-houses of the fishing village of Nauvoo, which forms at Seabright the first break in the line of modern fashionable summer residences extending along the New Jersey coast from Highlands to Elberon. The second break is made by Galilee, a similar but smaller settlement at Monmouth Beach. These settlements are the only ones of their kind in this country. The fishermen of the rocky New England coast live in villages at the head of harbors whence they sail out to sea. But the fishermen of Nauvoo and Galilee launch their skiffs right through the surf. The beach at these points shoals up gradually, so that it is easier to launch and beach the skiffs there than elsewhere along the coast. Hence the fishermen from Highlands to Cape May gather every spring at Nauvoo and Galilee. Indeed there are fishermen even from as far away as Sweden and Norway at these villages; for a number of Swedes and Norwegians who follow the sea as sailors in winter have for some years past managed to ship for New York in the early spring, in order to join the men at the "fisheries" for the summer.

The beach from Highlands to Monmouth Beach is only a strip of sand between ocean and river. The surf beats against the seaward shore; the swift tide of the Shrewsbury River flows past the other. The New Jersey Southern Railroad runs from Sandy Hook along this strip of beach, which at places is not more than forty or fifty feet broad, so that the track and road-bed are saved from becoming a prey of the billows only by artificial dikes. Sometimes, even in spite of these safeguards, the sea of a winter storm hurls its waves with such force against the beach that they break through it into the river, carrying everything before them. One winter's night a New-Yorker retired the owner of two houses at Seabright. He awoke the next morning to learn that one house was on its way to Europe, while the other was floating up and down the Shrewsbury with the tide.

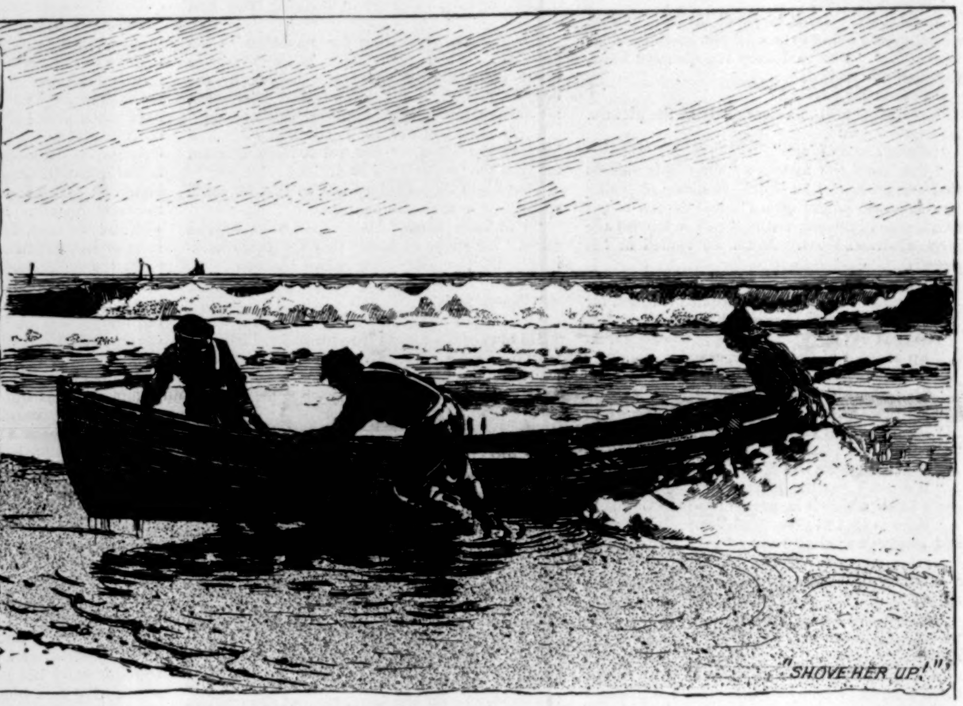
"Old Nauvoo," as the fishermen call it (and justly, for it stood before Seabright existed), consists of two streets of huts running through from ocean to river, except for the break made by the railroad. On sand-hills on the bluff back of the dike, or on hummocks between the two streets, are the ice-houses, of which one sees little more than the peaks. The huts are rough two-story shanties, with a room for cooking and eating on the ground-floor, and an attic where the men sleep. Sometimes six or eight men dwell in one hut. Those fishermen who are married and have families live in neater houses, with here and there a garden plot in the rear. On the beach is a platform, around which many of the fishing folk gather fair Sunday afternoons, during summer, and listen to a simple service. Near a wharf on the river, a kind lady has erected a reading-room, where some of the fishermen spend much of their leisure time.

So much of the land belonging to Nauvoo as lies between the railroad and the river is made ground. The sea, when it sought in its fury to break its way through the beach into the river, actually strengthened its foe with every blow it struck; for it washed a great amount of sand over the beach into the river, where it remained after the waves receded, so that gradually the shore along the Shrewsbury broadened until where fifty years ago there was nothing but a strip of sand, there is now the river-front upon which half of Seabright stands.

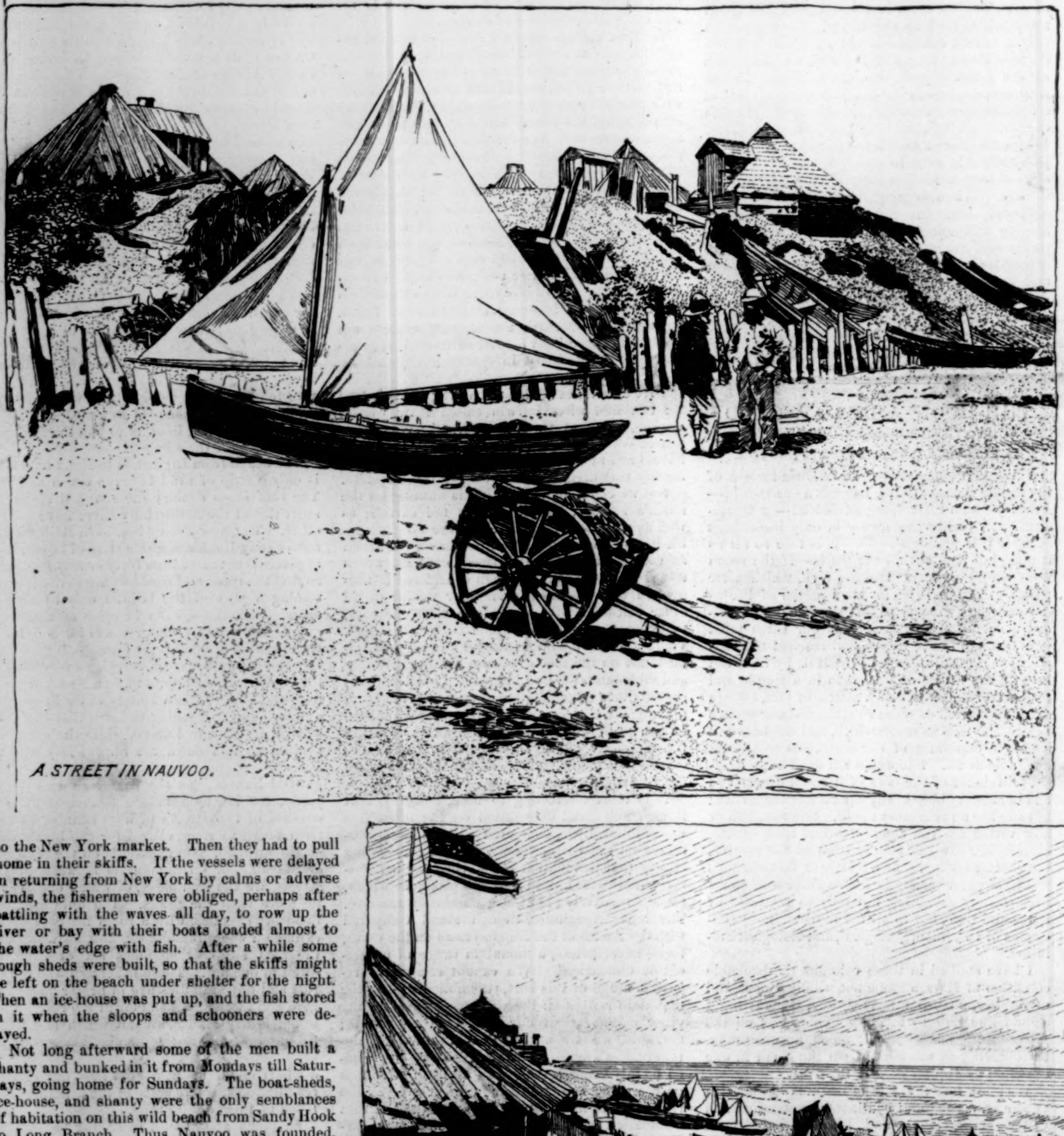
The first fishermen to launch their skiffs came down the Shrewsbury from Branchport and the little settlements on Pleasure Bay, a fine sheet of water into which the river broadens out a little south of Seabright. Landing on the river shore, they hauled their boats over to the ocean beach. After returning from the fishing banks they were obliged to haul their boats and "fares" of fish back to the river shore, and load the "fares" upon sloops and schooners, which bore the fish



FISHERMAN'S SHANTY IN THE HORSE SHOE.



"SHOVE HER UP!"

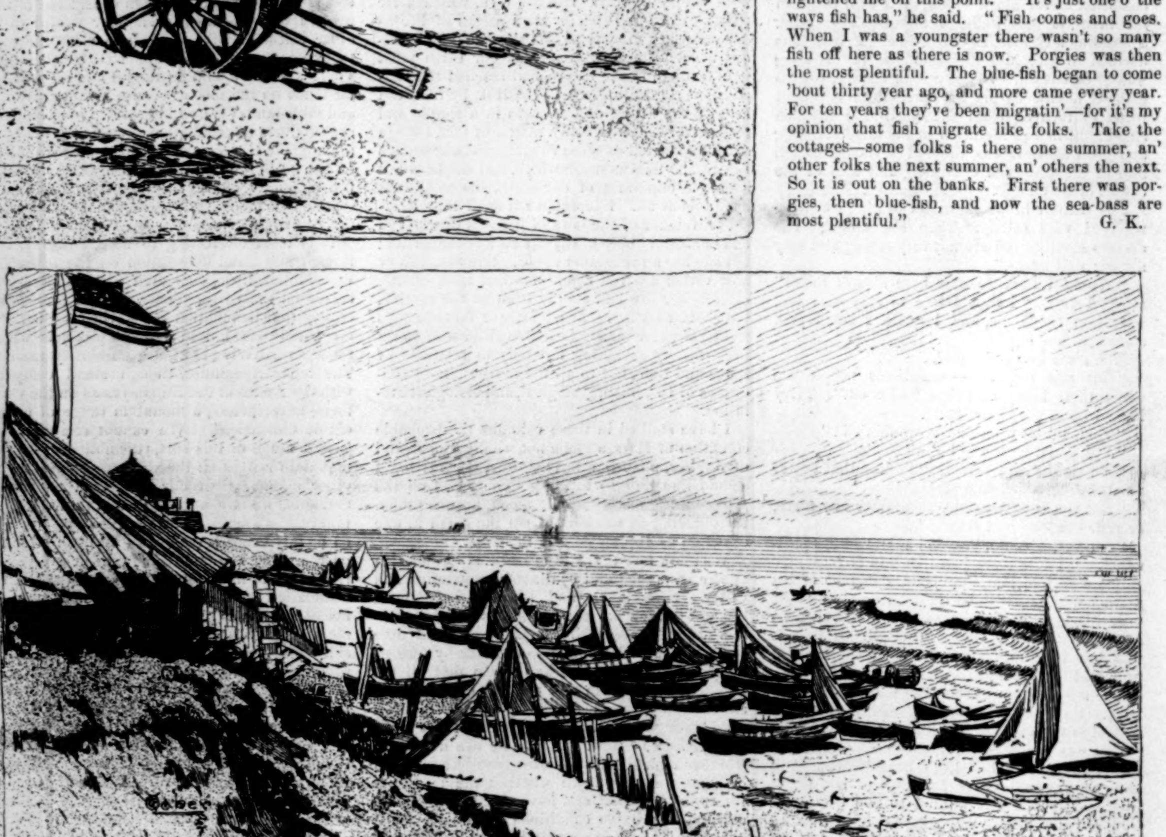


A STREET IN NAUVOO.

to the New York market. Then they had to pull home in their skiffs. If the vessels were delayed in returning from New York by calms or adverse winds, the fishermen were obliged, perhaps after battling with the waves all day, to row up the river or bay with their boats loaded almost to the water's edge with fish. After a while some rough sheds were built, so that the skiffs might be left on the beach under shelter for the night. Then an ice-house was put up, and the fish stored in it when the sloops and schooners were delayed.

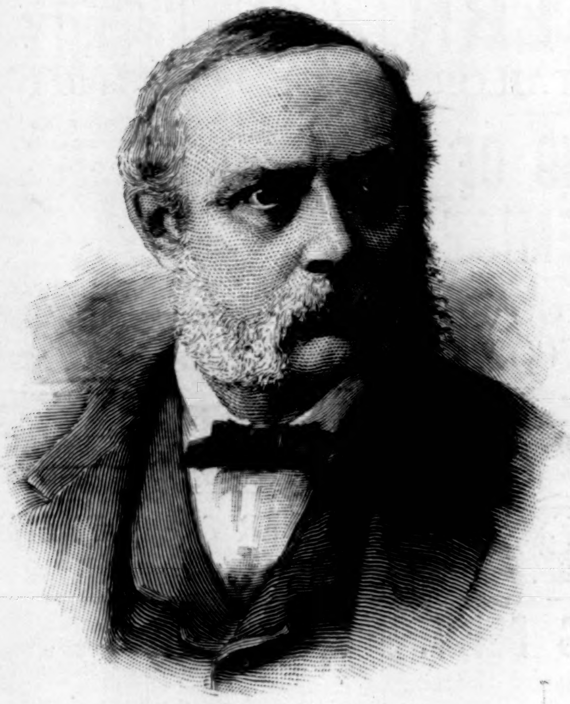
Not long afterward some of the men built a shanty and bunked in it from Mondays till Saturdays, going home for Sundays. The boat-sheds, ice-house, and shanty were the only semblances of habitation on this wild beach from Sandy Hook to Long Branch. Thus Nauvoo was founded, and from this humble beginning it grew until when, some fifteen years ago, the fine summer residences began springing up on either side of it, the settlement was one of the most important fisheries in the country, and the source of a large portion of the regular fish supply upon which the New York market could depend. As the handsome summer dwellings increased in number their owners sought to buy out the fishermen, for they looked upon Nauvoo, with its weather-stained shanties and ice-houses, its flotsam and débris, and its bronzed and brawny toilers of the sea, as an unsightly break in the progress of fashion. But the fishermen formed an association, bought the strip between river and sea on which they had gradually reared their habitations, and apportioned the property in lots. The land is now worth at least five times its purchase price, and from a rental of a small part of it the association pays the running expenses of the fishery, even to the running of the steam-boat between its river wharf and New York. Some statistics will show that the fishermen of Nauvoo would be unwise to part with their property, even should it double or treble its present value. The "fare" of fish of the Nauvooans averages 300 pounds a day to each of the 200 boats of the village, or 60,000 pounds for all, or 9,000,000 pounds during the season, which lasts about one hundred and fifty days. As the fish is sold at an average of three cents a pound, the season's "fares" aggregate $270,000. Each boat is handled by two men, who, if they own it, work "on halves." If some one else owns the skiff, they "go thirds" with the owner. A number of fishermen own three or four boats, and thus derive a snug income from every season's catch. The fishing banks are a stretch of rocky bottom, beginning about four miles out, and broadening out some ten miles in places. The water varies in depth from forty to sixty feet. The fishing is with hooks and lines, menhaden being used for bait. Sea-bass in summer and cod in winter are fished for, with the hooks sunk almost to the bottom. In blue-fishing, menhaden are chopped up and thrown astern to attract the fish, and short lines are used. Ten years ago the "fares" of blue-fish were so large that they brought but three cents a pound, but these fish have become so scarce that they now sell for ten cents. Many attribute this to the wholesale netting of menhaden by oil-refiners. But an old fisherman enlightened me on this point. "It's just one o' the ways fish has," he said. "Fish comes and goes. When I was a youngster there wasn't so many fish off here as there is now. Porgies was then the most plentiful. The blue-fish began to come 'bout thirty year ago, and more came every year. For ten years they've been migratin'—for it's my opinion that fish migrate like folks. Take the cottages—some folks is there one summer, an' other folks the next summer, an' others the next. So it is out on the banks. First there was porgies, then blue-fish, and now the sea-bass are most plentiful."

G. K.



ALONG THE BEACH AT NAUVOO.

"SOME TOILERS OF THE SEA."—From Photographs by H. S. Wyer.



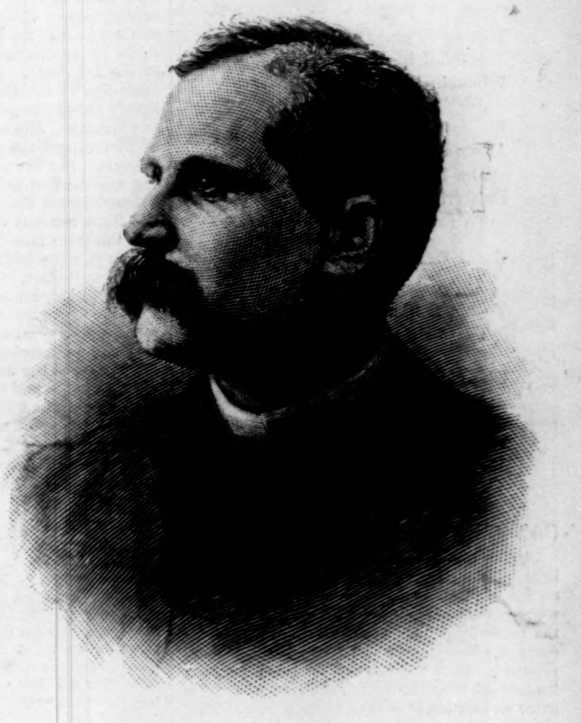
THE LATE PROFESSOR R. A. PROCTOR.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.

RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR.

Richard Anthony Proctor, well known in the United States and England as an astronomer, author, and lecturer, died in New York on the 12th of September of yellow-fever, the germs of which disease were contracted in Florida. Mr. Proctor was born in Chelsea, England, in 1837. As a child his health was so delicate that his parents rather restrained than urged him in his studies. When he was twelve years old he was deep in Euclid, and the old geometrician seems to have given a decided bent to Proctor's future. By the death of his father young Proctor was for a time prevented from entering college, and obtained a clerkship; but in 1855, through his own exertions, having saved his salary, he became a student of King's College, London. In 1855 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and at once took a high rating in mathematics. In 1860 he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Hardly had he commenced looking about for a career when he met with financial misfortune in the failure of a bank in which his fortune had been placed. In addition to this he had assumed certain family obligations. At once the excellent education he had received and his own peculiar tastes were called upon to bring him his bread and butter. His first appearance as an author was in the *Cornhill Magazine* of 1863 in an article entitled "Double-Stars." This was followed by a volume on *Saturn and its System*. After this came the *Gnomic Star Atlas* and the *Handbook of the Stars*. At once excellent style, clearness of method, and knowledge of his subjects made Mr. Proctor conspicuous. In his astronomical explanations he occupied a happy medium between the popular and the closer scientific methods. In 1867 and 1868 he contributed many carefully executed astronomical maps, the result of his own observations. In *Half Hours with the Telescope* and *Half Hours with the Stars* Mr. Proctor attracted increased attention. In 1866 he became a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. His reputation having been now fully established, Mr. Proctor came to the United States in 1873, and lectured on astronomy with marked success. Returning two years later, he resumed his lecture course. In 1880 Mr. Proctor was again in the United States, when he married an American lady, and settled at St. Joseph, Missouri. The climate not suiting him, he came to New York. Finding the rigors of a New York winter difficult to bear, he purchased a property in Florida, where he erected an observatory. During the last five years Mr. Proctor has contributed many articles to the leading magazines both in this country and abroad, and several of his contributions have appeared in the Harper publications. He widened his grasp of subjects as he wrote, discussing topics which, though somewhat mathematical in their treatment, were not astronomical.

It is touching to notice that perhaps Mr. Proctor's very last letter of a literary character was written by him from Florida to the Messrs. Harper, and received by them but a few days ago. In it he tells of his intended departure for New York, and thence by the *Umbria* for England, "having agreed to give two courses of lectures on astronomy at the St. James's Hall, London." Mr. Proctor with this communication sent an interesting paper, entitled "The Moon a Dead World, but Never Like Our Earth." This he had written because of the new interest awakened by the more recent study of Mars. This paper, to be considered as among the last of Mr. Proctor's contributions, will be found on another page of this issue of Harper's Weekly.

A pleasant, genial man, with generous traits, Mr. Proctor had made many personal friends in the United States, and no one was more happy than he to speak of that great future which he prophesied for this country, the land of his adoption.



GOVERNOR-ELECT BURLEIGH OF MAINE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAMSON, PORTLAND.

THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MAINE.

Mr. Edwin C. Burleigh, who has been elected Governor of Maine, is as yet a comparatively young man. He was born at Linneus, Aroostook County, in 1843. His early days were spent in the forest regions of his native State and in farming. In his boyhood he was noted for his industry, and though busily occupied in lumbering and farming, devoted all his leisure to study. At this early period of his life he made many friends in the section of the State where he was born. When arriving at man's estate he took a decided interest in politics, and held several minor offices in his county. His first position of prominence was that of clerk in the office of the State Treasurer. Becoming familiar with his financial duties, he was elected in 1884 to be State Treasurer, which position he held at the time of his nomination for Governor, which took place on the 12th of June. By the death of the former Governor, Mr. Joseph R. Bodwell, his place was occupied by Mr. S. S. Marble, President of the Senate, for the unexpired term. In the contest for the nomination of Governor there were three candidates in the field, the present Governor of the State, Mr. S. S. Marble, H. B. Cleaver, and Mr. Burleigh. There were 1438 delegates, and for some time who would be nominated was doubtful. Finally Mr. Burleigh received 775 votes, a majority of 112. His plurality, according to the *Lewiston Journal* of September 14, quoted in the *New York Tribune* of the same date, was 18,495. Mr. Burleigh will take the gubernatorial chair at Augusta in January next.

BY THE EVENING CAMP FIRE.—DRAWN BY J. MACDONALD.—[SEE PAGE 715.]

HEREDITY.

THE baby claps his hands,
And all his trouble flees,
When in his face the nurse
Jingles a string of keys.

Around his hairless head
The keys he gayly swings,
Preferring them for his teeth
To rattles and rubber rings.

Whenever he's mad or cross,
And utters woful wails,
To make him blithe and glad
The string of keys ne'er fails.

The reason, we are told
By all his kin and kith,
Is that his great-grandaunt
Married a great locksmith.

R. K. M.

CANOEING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

DURING the early autumn there is no more delightful canoeing region in the world than that of the Adirondacks. The days are bright and warm, and the nights are so crisp and cool that the tired voyager finds the warmth of his roaring camp fire as pleasant as its dancing lights and shadows. Here the material for these generous fires, which form the centres of all camp life pleasures and duties, is always at hand in unstinted abundance. At this season black-flies, mosquitoes, and other insect pests have disappeared, and with them have gone the throngs of hurrying tourists, who, with but limited holidays, feel it their duty to cover as much ground as possible in the shortest time. As a result of their hurry and rush, the restful quiet of the wilderness, which is its chiefest charm, is sadly disturbed, and all its sojourners become infected to a greater or less degree with the all-pervading spirit of restlessness and impatience.

To avoid these petty annoyances the wise canoe man will defer his departure to this land of lakes, rivers, mountain, and forest until September or October, when the season of bustle and hurry is over, and Nature in her loveliest garb is composing herself for the long, unbroken sleep of winter.

In all save one respect the modern sailing canoe is the model conveyance in which to traverse Adirondack waters. This is that it is an awkward craft for one man to carry. As all who know anything of the Adirondack region are aware, its "carries," or portages, are among its most prominent features. They are of all lengths, of all degrees of roughness, and they occur with such frequency that they can by no means be avoided in a journey of any length. Over any one of them the boat is of itself a sufficient burden for one strong man. It is borne, bottom up, upon a yoke fitted to the shoulders, and is inclined at such an angle, with its bow high in the air and its stern-post but a few inches above the ground, that the bearer, whose head is well within it, has an unobstructed view of his path, and can steer his awkward burden clear of overhanging branches or other obstacles. This clear view is, however, denied to the canoe man whose head is thrust into the narrow cockpit of his decked craft, and who consequently can see but a few feet ahead of where he stands. Thus handicapped, he is apt to come to grief so frequently and unexpectedly that he is more than glad to catch the glimmer of water ahead, and know that once more his uncomfortable burden may be made to resume its proper functions. Even now his trials are not wholly at an end, for, leaving his canoe at the water's edge, he must retrace his steps at least once, and probably several times, to the other end of the "carry," before all his belongings have been transported from water to water, and the cargo is ready for restowing.

Under these circumstances the voyager in a decked canoe, more than any other, finds cause for sincere rejoicing when, upon approaching a "carry" that he knows to be long and rough, he sees a conveyance awaiting him. On most of the long "carries" of the well-travelled routes something of the kind is to be found, and during the season they yield no inconsiderable revenue to their proprietors. The conveyance is sometimes a ramshackle wagon, but more often it is a rude sled such as is shown in our illustration on page 709. It is always of the simplest and most primitive construction, and iron in any shape rarely enters into its composition. It is, however, admirably adapted to its purpose, and combines so much elasticity with its clumsy strength that, as it slides, creaking and groaning, over the roots and rocks of the rough trail, it readily withstands many a shock that would prove a severe test to a more rigid vehicle.

With his canoe and "duffle" once securely fastened to the rude sled, and having cultivated amicable relations with its equally uncouth proprietor, the canoe man may fill his pipe, shoulder his gun, and saunter at ease along the pleasant forest road in advance of all his troubles. When they again overtake him they will have been once more transformed into blessings, and he gladly pays the modest fee of a dollar or so demanded by the Jehu of the sled.

The artist who furnishes our illustration is himself an enthusiastic canoe man, and has taken many an Adirondack cruise in company with the owner of the decked craft shown in his picture. He has had frequent opportunities to study and depict her in various situations, for she is the oldest and one of the best-known canoes registered in the American Canoe Association, and still in active service. She was built in Ithaca, New York, in 1876, and has since cruised in an infinite variety of waters, from the swift rivers of Canada and the placid lakes of the Adirondacks to the dim lagoons and trackless swamps of the far South. She has traversed half the coast line of the Gulf of Mexico, and skimmed lightly above the glistening coral banks of the Dry Tortugas. She has penetrated the Everglades of Florida and the great Okefinokee Swamp of Georgia. But her most noteworthy claim is that she was the first sailing craft to proceed up the Caloosahatchee River from the Gulf of Mexico, and force her way through the "big sawgrass" into the great lake Okeechobee, then almost unknown to white men. Here she was abandoned, while her captain, lost and bewildered, struggled for his life, swimming, clambering, and wading amid the slimy mazes of the dark swamps surrounding the great lake. After weeks of loneliness she was recovered, and her voyage was resumed toward her native Northern waters. Now she is at home, and on almost any pleasant afternoon she may be seen dancing over the waters of New York Bay off Staten Island. She is well known to canoe-men wherever she goes, and many a one of them, in glancing at our illustration, will exclaim, "Well, if here isn't a picture of the old *Psyche!*"

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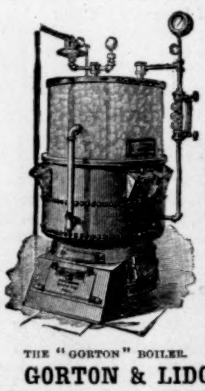

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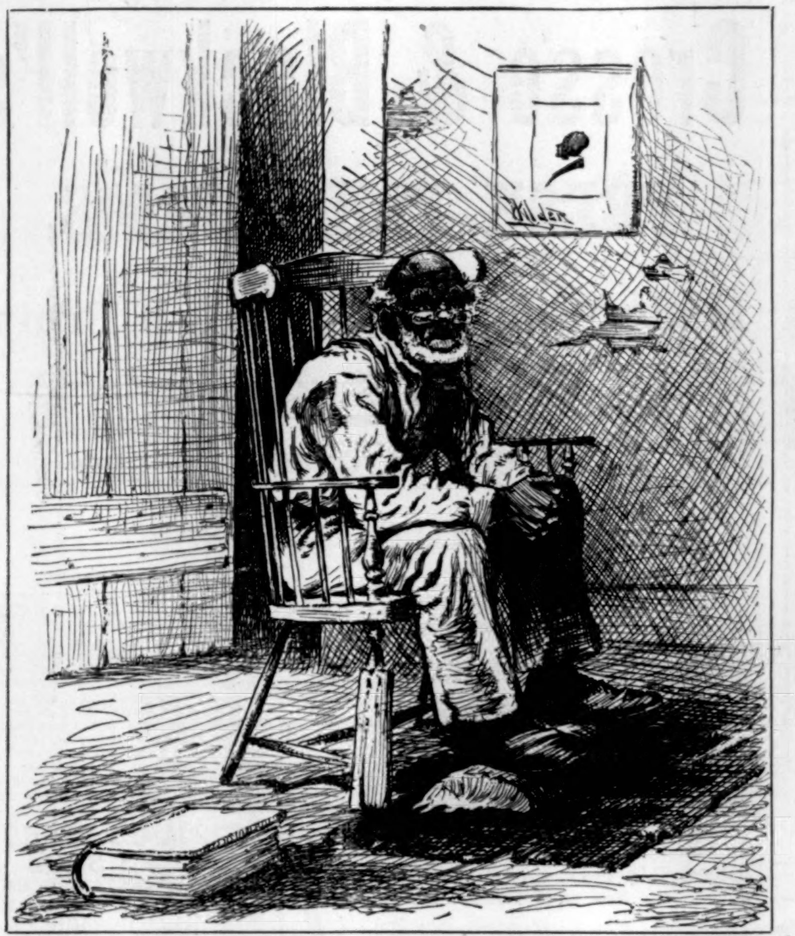

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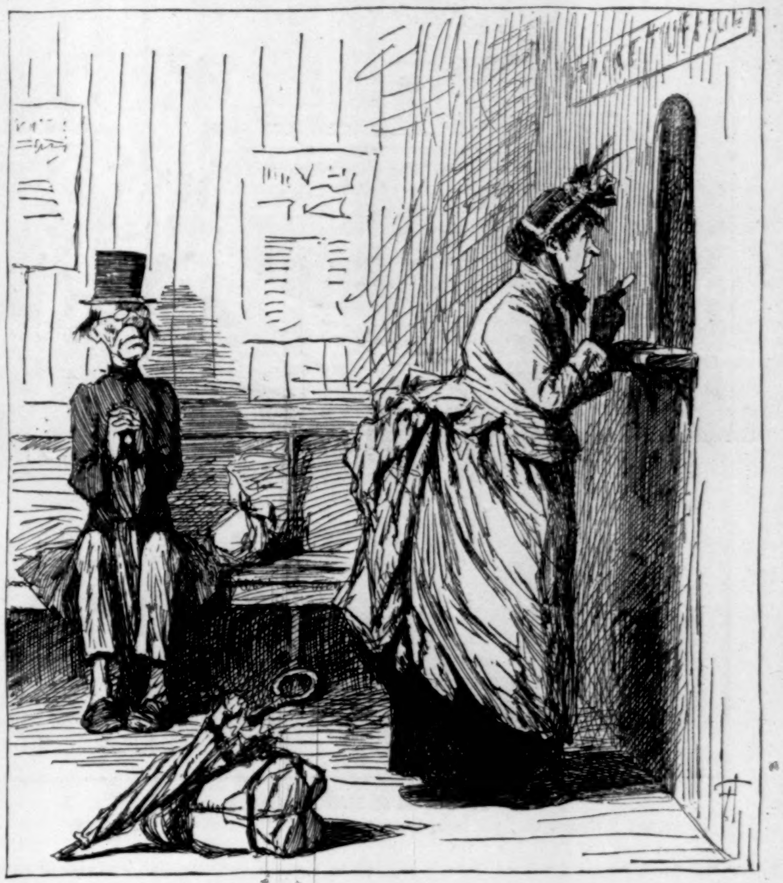

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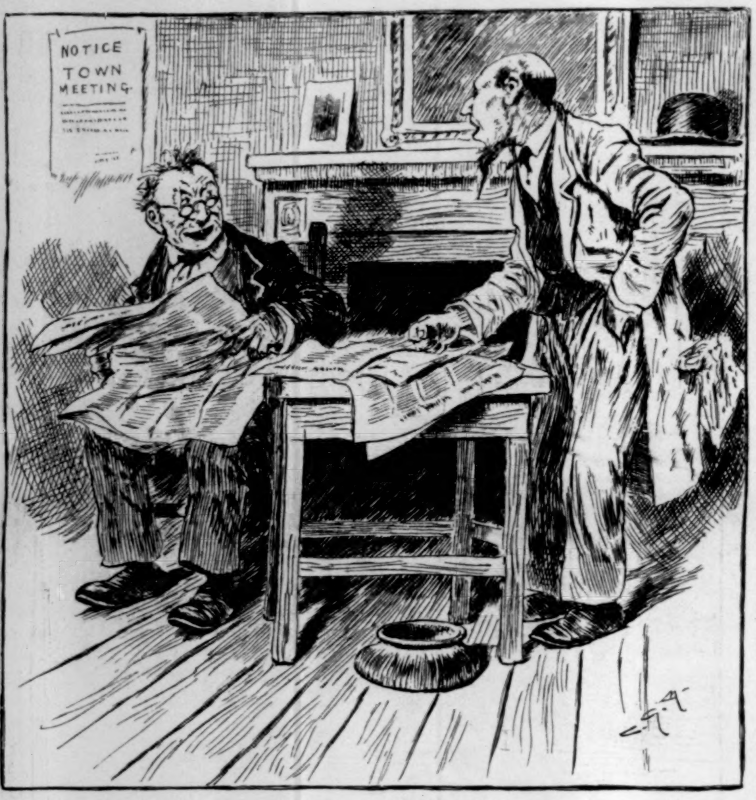

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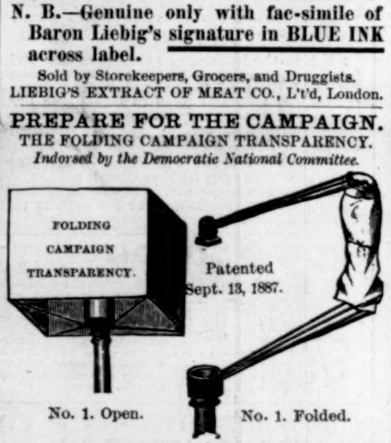
THE FOLDING CAMPAIGN TRANSPARENCY.
Indorsed by the Democratic National Committee.



The frame of the Folding Transparency is steel wire, light, durable, and is far superior to the old wood frame. It can be instantly folded and *sixty of them occupy no more space than one of the old-style wood frame transparencies.* Price-lists on application.

THE FOLDING TRANSPARENCY COMPANY,
6 East 14th St., and 14 Cortlandt St., N. Y.
SEND IN YOUR ORDERS EARLY.

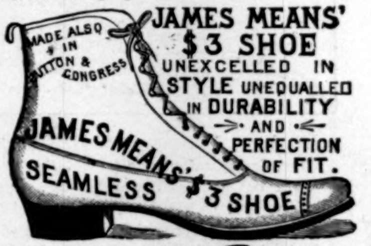
BABYHOOD.—DEVOTED TO THE CARE of Infants. $1.50 a year. 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

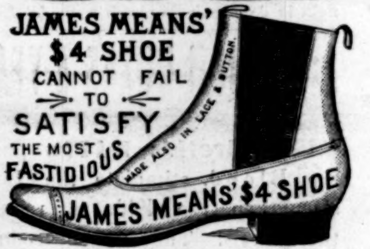
THE MARCH OF PROGRESS!
OUR LATEST IMPROVEMENT!

"Competition is the life of trade," and if you have not seen our improved $3 Shoe, made for the **Summer and Fall trade of 1888,** you cannot imagine how lively trade is, or how hard our competitors have to work to keep within sight of us.

Ask your retailer for the James Means' $3 Shoe, or the James Means' $4 Shoe, according to your needs.

Positively none genuine unless having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so; if you do not insist, some retailers will coax you into buying inferior shoes upon which they make a larger profit.


MADE ALSO IN BUTTON & CONGRESS
JAMES MEANS'
$3 SHOE
UNEXCELLED IN STYLE UNEQUALLED IN DURABILITY AND PERFECTION OF FIT.
JAMES MEANS' $3 SHOE
SEAMLESS


JAMES MEANS'
$4 SHOE
CANNOT FAIL TO SATISFY THE MOST FASTIDIOUS
MADE ALSO IN LACE & BUTTON.
JAMES MEANS' $4 SHOE

Such has been the recent progress in our branch of industry that we are now able to affirm that the James Means' $4 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at eight or ten dollars. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate.

Ours are the original $3 and $4 shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products.

In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States.

Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any state or territory if you will invest one cent in a postal card and write to us.

James Means & Co., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

NATURAL
SARATOGA VICHY WATER

NATURAL
SARATOGA VICHY
WATER
A FINE TABLE WATER
THE ONLY ALKALINE SPRING AT SARATOGA, N.Y.

Cures Dyspepsia and Indigestion. This water is Non-Cathartic. Avoid manufactured Vichy. Send for Circulars, with analysis, etc.

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THE ONLY GENUINE
LIQUID GLUE
UNEQUALLED for CEMENTING wood, glass, china, paper, leather, &c. Always ready for use. *Pronounced strongest glue known.*
IS MADE BY THE **AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS.**
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IRRIGATION IN THE ARID WEST.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON,

AUTHOR OF "REPORT TO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE ON IRRIGATION IN THE UNITED STATES."

IRRIGATION within the United States is almost an unknown quantity. Certainly so to the general public. Yet it is already the creator of a material interest growing with great rapidity. It is proposed in this paper to outline this new industrial activity and to partially indicate by certain facts its extent and character. For example, since 1888, California has added nearly half a million to her population. At least $30,000,000 have been invested in that State within four years in irrigation land enterprises. The value of land "under water" has already increased from ten to fifty fold. Such works have become a permanent investment. *The taxable* valuation has increased at the rate of one hundred millions a year during the past four years. One hundred new colonies, embracing a large acreage, have been added to its fruit-growing area. The cultivated irrigable land has more than doubled since 1883. In Colorado fifteen million dollars have been invested. A million and a half acres of land have been rendered valuable. In the past two years forty million dollars have been added to the taxable assessment of the Centennial State. Arizona, most unpromising of our mountain sections, except, perhaps, Nevada, is becoming noted for its utilization of water in irrigation. New Mexico is waking from slumber, and organized irrigation bids fair to enormously increase the productiveness and value, therefore, of that Territory. The Mormons in Utah have for forty years been demonstrating the material importance of communal or neighborhood irrigation, in the raising of grain, feed, and fruits. In Wyoming, Montana, western Dakota, Idaho, and southwest Kansas, irrigation enterprises are everywhere being developed.

The average rainfall for complete industrial use may be estimated at twenty-eight inches per annum. Major POWELL, the able head of the United States Geological Survey, estimates the lowest possible amount of such industrial precipitation at twenty inches per annum. As will be seen in SCHOTT's Rainfall Map of the United States, that limit is reached at the 99th degree of west longitude. For all practical purposes, it may be considered as terminating at the 124th degree, or the Coast Range of California. These lines run across the central or widest portion of the area, making it (commencing with the 100th degree) 1440 miles in width. Deflections to the north will reduce the breadth by about eight degrees, making the dry area in its northern line about 1000 miles broad. Within the United States, the southern part, north and south, will run from about 250 miles in northern Texas to the Rio Grande River (our Mexican border line) just above Brownsville. North and south, the limits of the dry region will be from the British line to near Fort Ringgold, in south-west Texas. Its largest area will be embraced within the 32d and 45th parallels of latitude. Roughly estimated, the dry area, then, of the United States, being that in which precipitation ranges from twenty inches down to about two inches per annum, would, if compactly placed, make a rectangular block of nearly or quite 1000 miles square.

A few figures briefly summarizing careful, if not exhaustive, inquiry will illustrate the importance of this vast area.

The public-land areas within the lines indicated are estimated at, in acres, 888,771,348; in square miles, 1,388,705. Alaska is not embraced. In Kansas, Nebraska, and the Indian Territory only one-third of the whole area is characterized as arid; Oregon and Washington include one-half, and Texas but one-fifth.

The population and property of the same area are summed up in statements that follow. The population in 1880, per Federal census, was 1,964,014; in 1887 it was estimated at 2,662,690. The property valuation in 1880 was stated at $2,112,150,000; in 1887 the estimate was about $3,000,000,000.

Topographically, this vast area falls into the following divisions:

1st. The Great Plains, whose eastern line will be the 100th meridian, while its western limit will touch the lower foot-hills of the Rockies at 105°. It will extend north and south from the border of Manitoba to Fort Ringgold, near Brownsville, Texas. It has been estimated, it may be said in passing, that it lies within the power of civil and hydraulic engineering, at a cost whose total, estimated by results, would be very small indeed, to make of this region, averaging at least 700 miles north and south, and 250 miles east and west, a region which will give farms of 100 acres each to at least 25,000,000 families or individuals.

2d. This division begins its eastern line on the 105th degree of west longitude—that is, the foot-hills region of the Rockies—and has for its western boundary the foot-hills of the Sierras Nevada, and of the cascade mountains in Oregon and Washington Territory. It holds within these great boundaries the park system of the Rockies, which culminate in Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, and northeast Arizona; the vast ultra-basin section lying between encircling mountain systems which include the Great Basin of Salt Lake; the stupendous cañon system and plateau of the Colorado; the Humboldt and other meadow areas in Nevada; the northwest Columbia Basin with its three great rivers, and the National Park and its "wonder-land" of geysers, mud-volcanoes, spouting hot and medicinal springs, its cañon and water-falls, in northern Montana. It sweeps from the British American line to the Mexican southwest border, and covers nearly all our productive fields for mining the precious metals.

3d. This, the last division, has for its eastern geographical line the summit of the Sierras; industrially, it begins with the higher foot-hills on the western slope of the range. The western line is that of the Coast Range, though at several points, notably Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo counties, and even in Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, and Marin counties, which are within the Coast Range, there are also areas that require irrigation as an aid to successful cultivation.

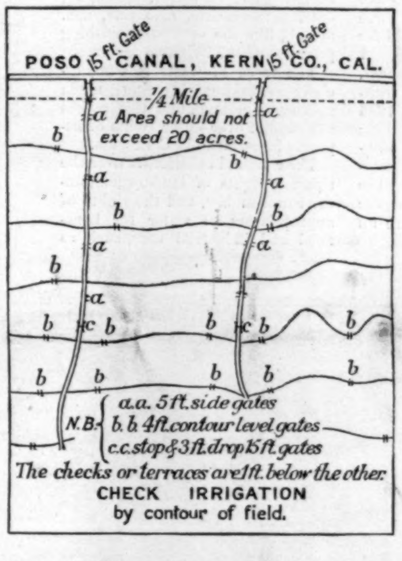
About one-fourth of California—the northwest portion—is outside the dry area entirely, having, like western Oregon and Washington Territory, an ample rainfall. About one-fourth of the remaining area requires irrigation facilities. In the balance of the State—and it is, in fertility and industrial availability, the most important portion—agricultural operations, large or small, cannot be conducted without the artificial application of water to the soil.

The dry area of California is divided into two sections. These are the foot-hills of the Sierras, and the broad, level valley or trough lying between the Sierras and the Coast Range, known as the San Joaquin—a plain or valley of about four hundred miles in length, north and south, and having an east and west breadth of about seventy-five miles outside of its foot-hills sections. There are irrigable areas separate from this, as Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego counties, and the smaller areas already mentioned connected with the Coast Range. The axial valley of the San Joaquin, having a general trend of north and south by east and west, is oval in shape, being enclosed at either end by low-lying cross ranges that connect the main formations.

This valley or plain has an area of nearly thirty thousand square miles. About eleven thousand belong to the river valley proper, running from the Consumnes River to the Tejon Mountains, making a maximum length of two hundred and sixty and an average breadth of from fifty to seventy-five miles. In the Sacramento Valley, an essential feature of this great axial trough, there is a marked division as to irrigation needs between the east and west sides of the river. The east side is largely made of the lower foot-hills region, and its agricultural needs are met by the old-style mining ditches, which derive their water supply from the Range streams and the reservoirs made originally for hydraulic mining purposes in the great catchment basins of the central Sierras Nevada.

The dry plains of the "east side" embrace an area of 7687 square miles. Of this, about seventy per cent. is assumed to be irrigable from the current supply of the running streams. The west side area is estimated at 2689 square miles. The valley lands proper are estimated at 5,046,400 acres, while the foot-hill and mountain lands cover nearly nine million acres. Fresno County, of irrigable lands has 2,867,200 acres; Tulare, the most important wheat-growing division, has 1,136,000 acres of valley land; Kern County, in which irrigation projects on a large scale have been carried forward, has a valley area of 1,657,600 acres. When an adequate storage system, located in the mid-slopes of the Sierras and their loftier foot-hills, shall supplement the present river and drainage supply, it is quite possible that the foot-hills and mesas may add from one to two million acres more to the irrigable area.

The extent of the current water supply, of which adequate data is not fully accessible, may be estimated from a few facts:


POSO CANAL, KERN CO., CAL.
15 ft. Gate
15 ft. Gate
¼ Mile
Area should not exceed 20 acres.
a
b
c
N.B.
a.a. 5 ft. side gates
b. b. 4 ft. contour level gates
c.c. stop & 3 ft. drop 15 ft. gates
The checks or terraces are 1 ft. below the other.

CHECK IRRIGATION by contour of field.

The drainage area of King River, which is an all-important portion of Tulare and Kern counties, is 1855 square miles. From January to July its average volume is 8715 cubic feet per second. At the rate of 110 acres per cubic foot per second, the irrigable duty of this volume of water will not be less than 1,000,000 acres. Estimating the present area of irrigable lands in the San Joaquin Valley proper at about 4,000,000 acres, we now have "under water" about 650,000 acres. Possibly one-tenth of this area receives water from what are termed Artesian wells. In Tulare County there are nearly or quite one hundred, in Fresno and Kern nearly as many more; two hundred in all will be nearly correct. The water for these wells is obtainable at depths ranging from fifty to three hundred and fifty feet. The subterranean sources of supply are fed undoubtedly by the Sierra snows, which, melting, find their way below through cracks and crevices of the mountain-sides, until in their downward flow they are stopped by some impermeable strata or are gathered into some channel. There is force enough in their gravitation to send them, when outlet offers, to or very near the surface. Windmills are used to raise and distribute the water. Artesian belt farms are deemed very desirable. They are generally small. The irrigator is able to use his water at will, and as the wells are generally located in the frostless or citrus belt, they are fast becoming an important agent. This subterranean supply involves very interesting questions within the dry area. There is a very marked belt of this character under development in eastern Colorado, at Denver and vicinity, and in Wyoming at Larimer City and vicinage. In San Bernardino and Los Angeles, California, the same source of supply is being extensively used.

The number of irrigating canals and ditches in Tulare County, large and small, in 1887, was estimated at two hundred and fifty. In Fresno County there are not less than one hundred, and in Kern County the number will be about the same. The total length of these four hundred and fifty irrigation canal systems can be roughly estimated at 1500 miles, inclusive of main and lateral ditches. In 1880 the total irrigated area was stated at 188,000 acres. The average valuation of such lands was then about $25 per acre. It is now not less than treble that amount, or $75 per acre—a total of $14,000,000. This is an increase in value of $9,300,000. The remaining 400,000 acres were worth, in 1880, not over $2 per acre, or $800,000. They are now worth at least $20 per acre, or a total of $8,000,000. This estimated increase of land values, owing to irrigation, amounts to $16,500,000. The total cost of the estimated four hundred and fifty canals, large and small, within the San Joaquin area may be set down at about $5,000,000. The Kern County canals have cost at least $1,250,000. The Fresno canals have cost nearly a million dollars. The cost of Artesian wells is about $1200 each, or a total expenditure so far of $240,000. The Merced Canal, which now supplies 300,000 acres in Merced and Fresno counties, has already reached $1,500,000. The cost of the Tulare County works, and of the large number of farm and small community ditches, will cover the remaining million.

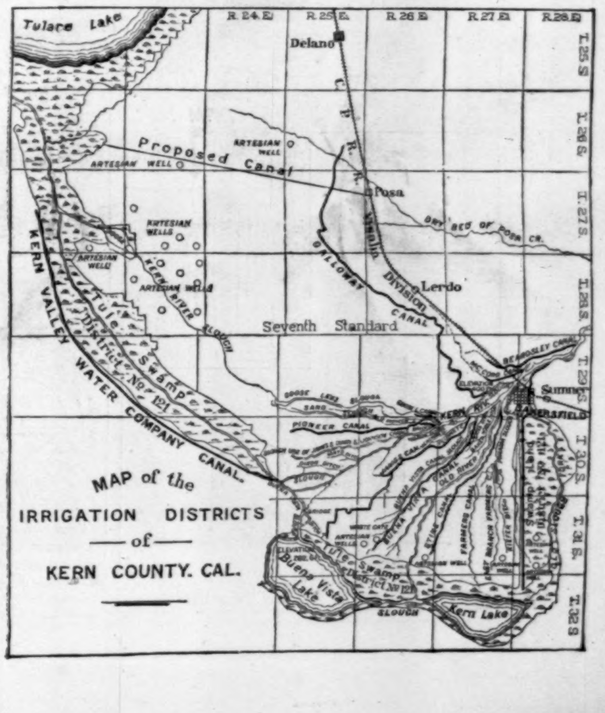
So much has already been achieved that it is quite certain that the future investments of capital will be enlarged as storage reservoirs will multiply; equal, at least in capacity, to the great Bear Valley enterprise, or that in San Diego County. The foot-hills regions of central California are already in part secured by the fortunate proximity of the system of catchment reservoirs which have in years past been constructed to serve the hydraulic or placer gold-mining fields. The inability of those corporations to dispose of the débris, so destructive to agricultural lands below if poured into the Sacramento and its confluents, has already compelled the disposal of their storage waters for irrigation purposes on a much more extensive scale than formerly prevailed. California engineers are bold projectors, and, under proper conditions, there is little reason to doubt that great storage works will be rapidly constructed.

The taxable valuation of the irrigable area affords one means of ascertaining progress. The latest official figures I have been able to obtain are those of 1884. For purposes of taxation the State Board of Equalization then fixed the total for the State at $821,183,877. The twenty counties which are in whole or part embraced by the two divisions of the dry area, already outlined in this paper, were put at a taxable valuation of $396,193,851. Of the balance of the State, the city and county of San Francisco is credited with $244,987,559, leaving for the balance only $180,002,467. The twenty counties named, out of the fifty-three into which the State is divided, are those wherein irrigation has exercised the most marked results. It will be seen that four years ago they embraced over two-thirds of the total taxation value of the property outside the commercial metropolis of the coast. It is estimated that $200,000,000 have been since added to the value of the southern California counties alone. In 1884 these counties had a taxable valuation of $142,022,240. It is now at least $300,000,000.

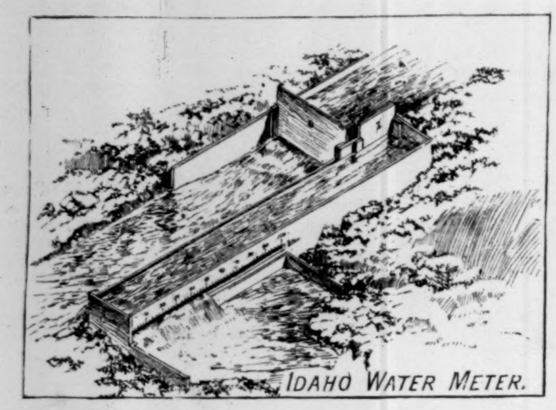
The rainfall in southern California, as noted at fifty-two different stations, will vary as follows in different counties:

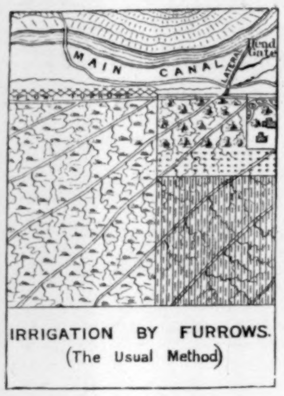
	Stations	Seasons reported	Average fall in inches per season.
Merced	2	5 to 13	9.28 to 10.55
San Joaquin	4	5 " 22	8.83 " 15.04
Fresno	10	2 " 7	6.78 " 24.51
Kern	9	3 " 10	3.83 " 15.50
Los Angeles	9	1 " 10	9.88 " 27.01
San Bernardino	9	1 " 8	2.42 " 37.85
San Diego	8	5 " 24	2.28 " 37.75

The precipitation includes the lowest and highest fall, but the latest is quite exceptional in character, or relates only to some small area. Taking the figures as a whole, it will be seen that the average rainfall of the Valley counties is but twelve inches per annum, on a record of nine seasons, while the other three southern counties, leaving out Bear Valley and the Needles in San Bernardino County, and Julian in San Diego County, will be an average of 11.36 inches. According to Major POWELL's dicta, there will be required per season, for the first division, an amount of water per acre, artificially applied, equal to 7.65 cubic inches of water, and in the second to 8.64 cubic inches per acre, in order to secure certainty in production. As a matter of fact, it has been firmly established that twelve cubic inches of water, artificially applied, under proper conditions, is more than equal to twenty inches naturally applied, as precipitation. Indeed, there can be no positive certainty in agricultural operations with less than twenty-five inches of rainfall per annum. The wonderful results, then, of irrigation can, however, be best illustrated by example. For this purpose, then, I give some details of one of the most unpromising sections—Fresno County. It is a region that was wholly given over twenty years since to the big-horned steer or the scraggy sheep, and in which, fifteen years since, the ranches had just begun to raise wheat. Fresno County cuts a vast slice out of the centre of the San Joaquin Valley at right angles to its length, while its east and west borders terminate in the lofty ridges of the Sierras on the one side, and the ridges of the Coast Range of mountains on the other. The valley or plains portion of the county concerns my subject. It comprises about 1,200,000 acres of level, treeless plain. As nature leaves it, during the rainy season this is covered by a coarse vegetation, affording some nutriment for stock, or, in years of

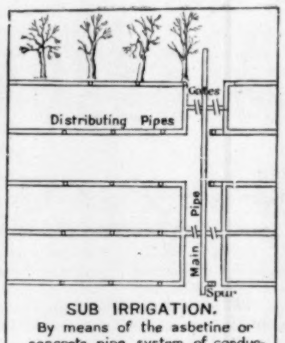


MAP of the IRRIGATION DISTRICTS of KERN COUNTY. CAL.

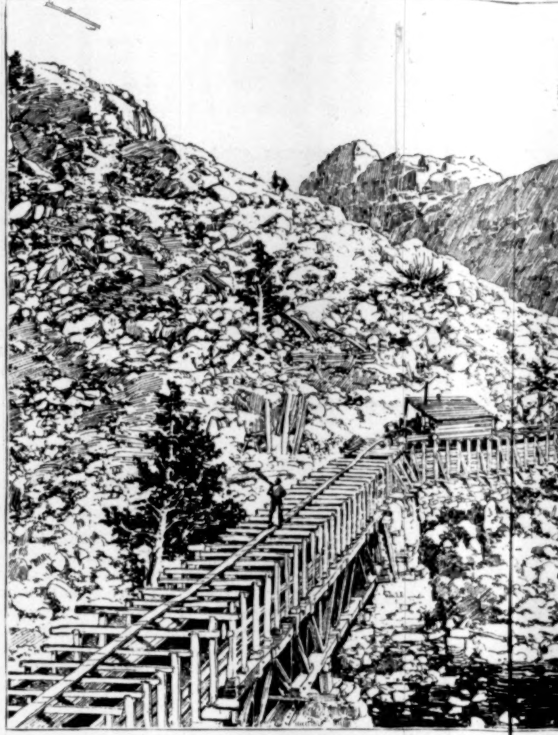

IDAHO WATER METER.



IRRIGATION BY FURROWS.
(The Usual Method)



SUB IRRIGATION.
By means of the asbetine or concrete pipe system of conducting water to the trees and plants in orchard or vineyard.



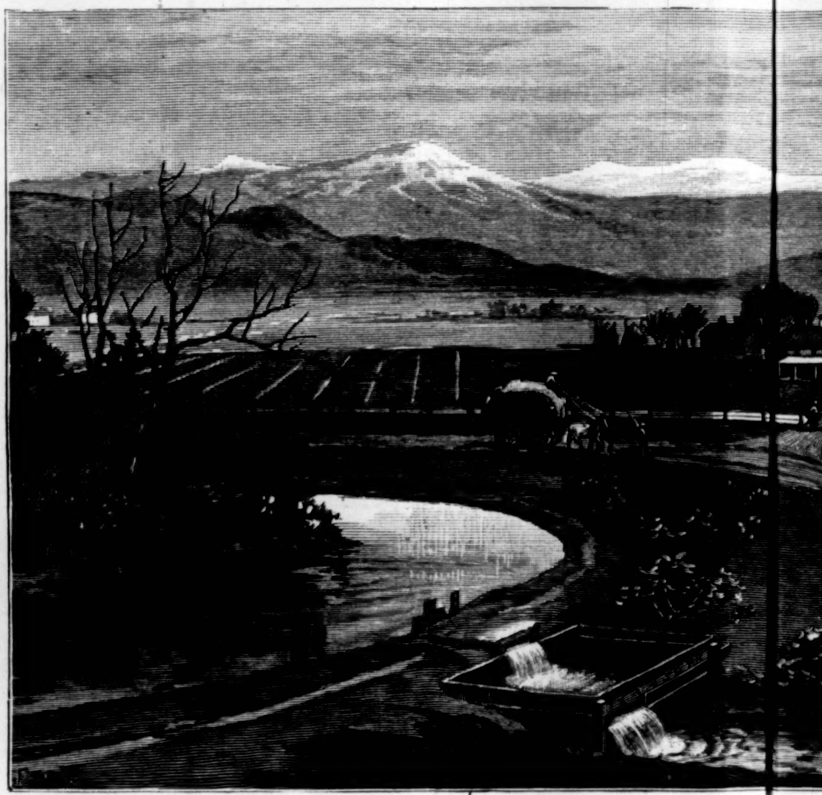
more than ordinary moisture, a very moderate chance for a paying wheat crop. Marvellous changes have been wrought in different parts of the county, under the application of irrigation and industry. The town of Fresno was laid out less than a score of years since. Colony and water enterprises have transformed its vicinage, as well as other portions of the county. They were commenced about fourteen years since. Neighborhood ditches, started and owned by farmers, gave impetus to the larger enterprises that have achieved so much. The present canal system is an extensive one. Their ditches irrigate at least 500,000 acres, and support at least 100,000 persons. The Fresno Canal and Irrigation Company carries 1000 cubic feet of water, and can irrigate 230 square miles. The King's River and Fresno Canal Company has 250 cubic feet, and can water 62½ square miles. The Centreville and Kingsburg Irrigating Ditch Company's canal carries 200 cubic feet of water, enough for 50 square miles. The Emigrant Ditch carries 50 cubic feet of water, and the Liberty Ditch 30 feet. The Fowler Switch Canal is made to carry 1500 cubic feet, and it may water 350 square miles. All these ditches draw from the King's River. Where they are in operation the land blooms with verdure, and abundance reigns on all sides. Twenty acres in fruit, grain, and alfalfa are sufficient to support a family in great prosperity, while a ten-acre farm will insure comfort. The population of Fresno City is about 4500. Land with water right sells at from $50 to $100 per acre. Fifteen years since, the same land was worth from one to three dollars per acre. Where it is not irrigated it rents now as it did for cattle-grazing, at from ten to twenty cents per acre per annum. A well-cultivated fruit farm of twenty acres, with proper appurtenances, will sell for $250 per acre. The value of irrigated land for fruit-growing is very great. At Riverside, for example, raw lands in 1885 sold at from $250 to $400 an acre, and very little to be had at that; improved lands from $500 to $1000. The Redlands unimproved property is held at $200 an acre; Crafton, $200 and more; San Bernardino, from $200 to $500, according to location; at Etiwanda, $100 to $150; Ontario, $150 to $250; Pomona, $75 to $150; other newer and less favored places, from $100 to $150. These points are all south of Fresno County and the San Joaquin Valley.

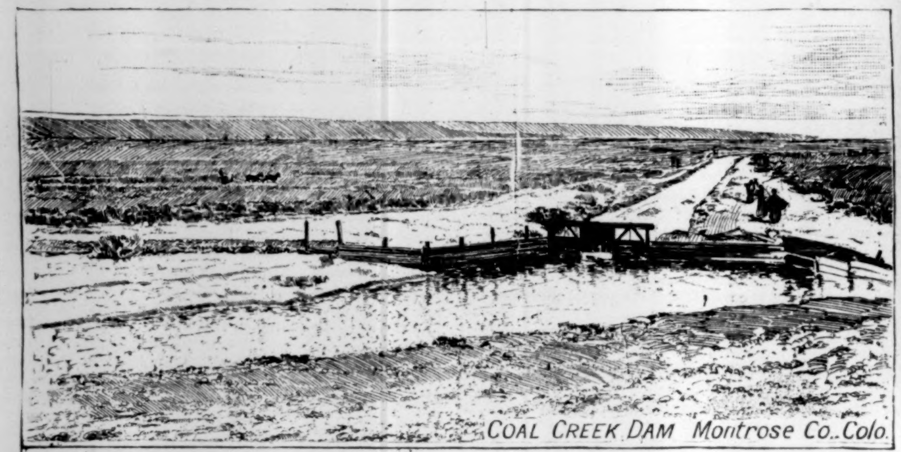
It is unnecessary to amplify the statistics of production. Yet it is proper to make brief mention of some important facts. The enormous increase of the California orange crop may be partially illustrated by the statement that in 1884 the through freight from Los Angeles alone was 17,776,470 pounds. In 1885 it ran up to 41,093,130 pounds, an increase of 23,314,660 pounds in one year, which enormous advance was due entirely to oranges. The two following years the increase was large, on the basis of 1885, but not so great proportionally as that year's increase over 1884. Of this freight aggregate, the orange crop in 1884 supplied 893,310, and in 1885, 24,380,440 pounds. The annual value of the Riverside fruit crop is estimated at over $4,000,000.

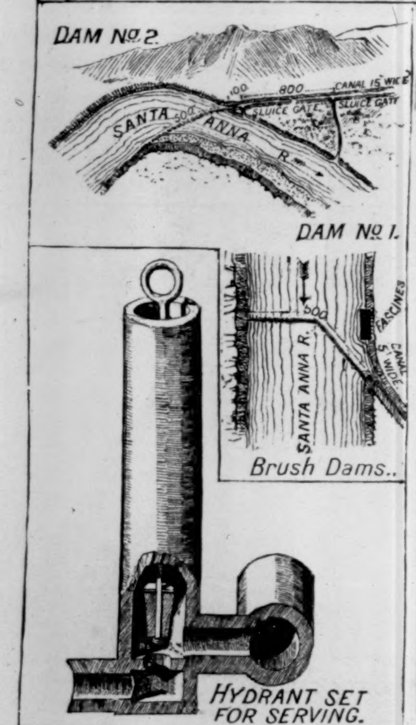
The grape and wine crops of California occupy and are raised from about 180,000 acres. Over one-half has been laid down in the past eight years. In 1884 the wine crop was about 15,000,000 gallons. In 1885 it was 18,000,000. Irrigation has been a main instrumentality in this growth. The olive culture is growing also. It is affirmed that California now supplies most of the pure articles used in the United States. The mulberry, lemon, fig, date, pomegranate, nectarine, etc., are all, like the orange, flourishing products of the irrigable region.

The value of water is, commercially speaking, growing much greater than land, and this makes the conflict over water rights of supreme importance in California.

The conflict in California over the riparian rights of land-owners, under common law, and the rights of appropriators of water for beneficial and industrial uses, such as

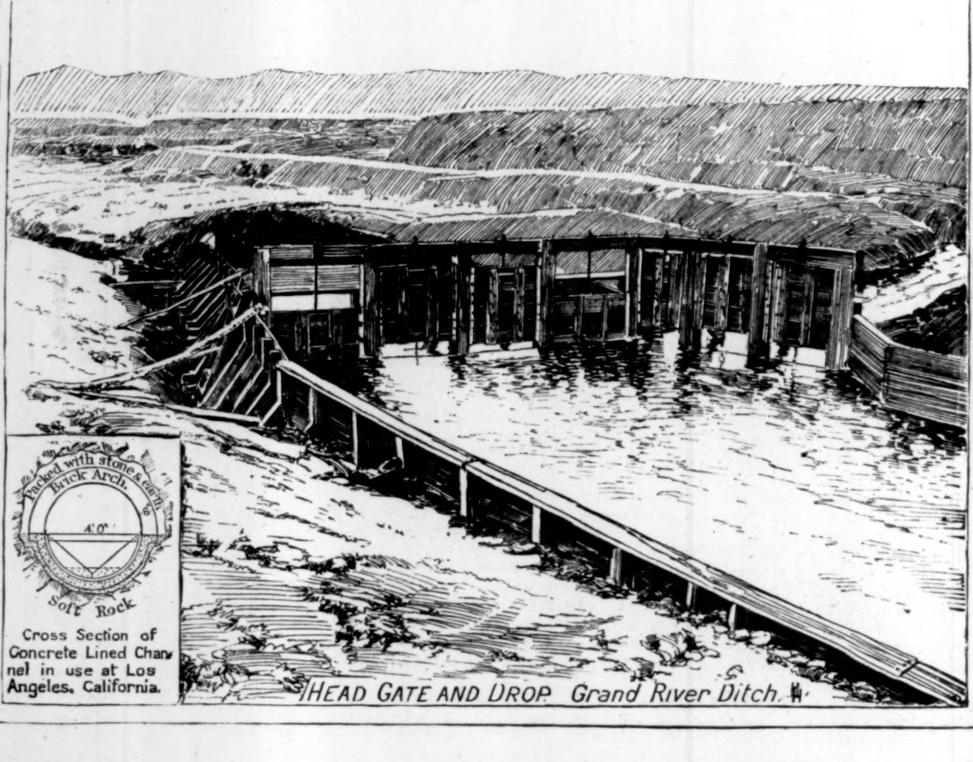

METHOD OF IRRIGAT


COAL CREEK DAM Montrose Co., Colo.



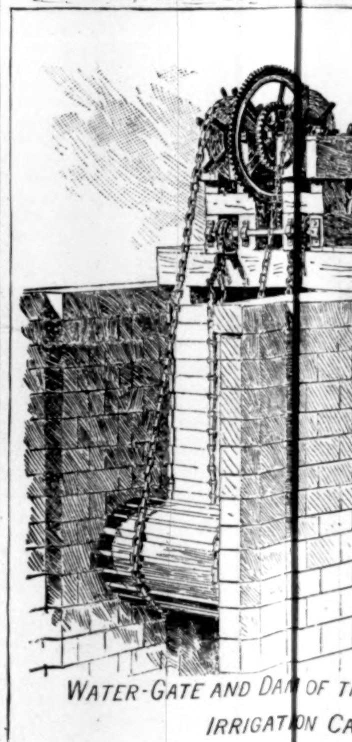
Brush Dams..

HYDRANT SET FOR SERVING.



Cross Section of Concrete Lined Channel in use at Los Angeles. California.

HEAD GATE AND DROP Grand River Ditch.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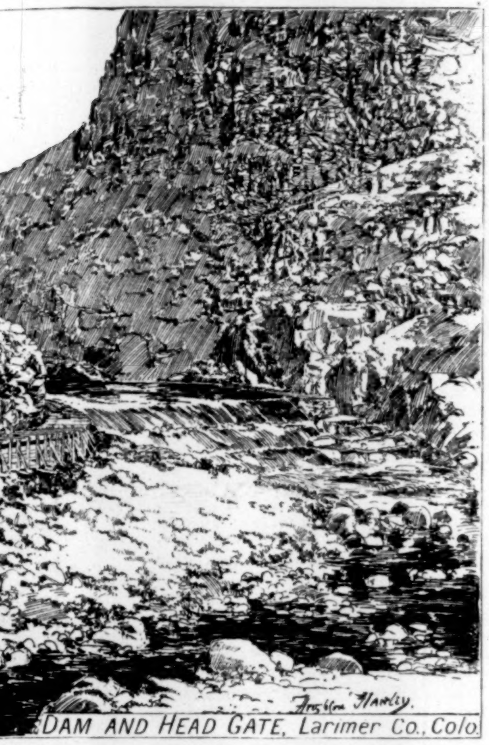
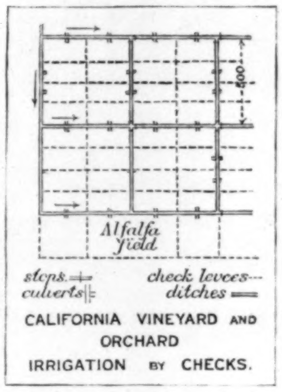
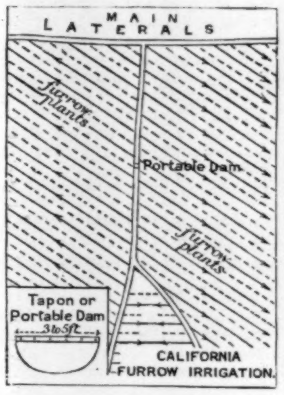
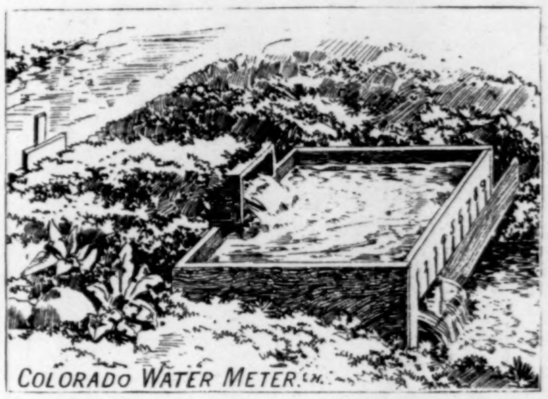

EDAM AND HEAD GATE, Larimer Co., Colo.



CALIFORNIA VINEYARD AND ORCHARD IRRIGATION BY CHECKS.



CALIFORNIA FURROW IRRIGATION.


COLORADO WATER METER.

town and house service, mining and farming (by irrigation), has assumed a shape so important as to make of it a controlling political and economic issue in the State.

At the last State Irrigation Convention (1887) the following propositions were adopted as the demands of the irrigators. They were presented in the form of amendments proposed to the State Constitution, and cover:

"1st. The declaration that every natural stream and water source is public property.

"2d. That the appropriation for beneficial uses of any such stream must be made under legislative enactment.

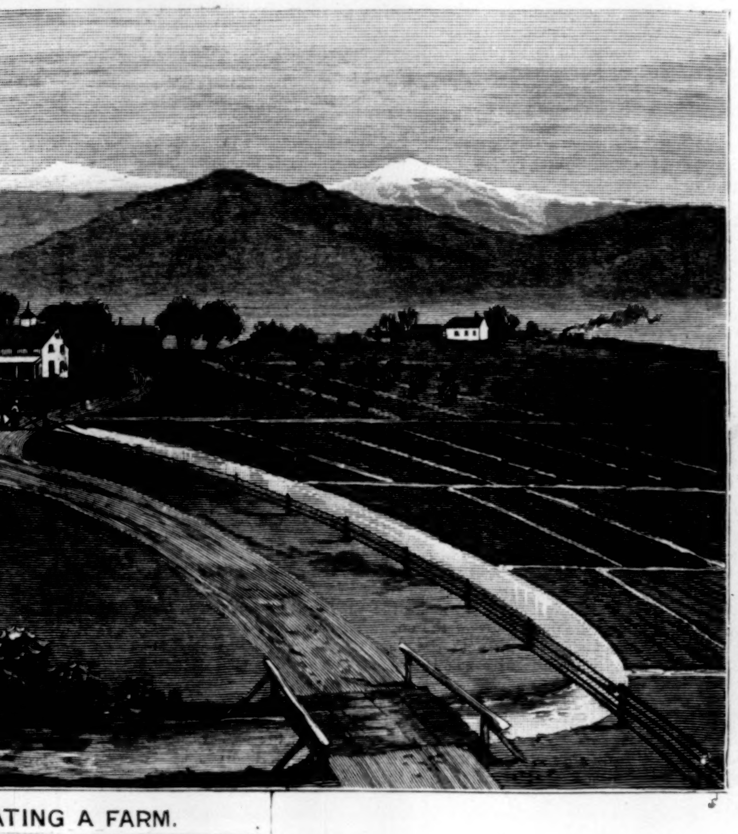
"3d. That all waters so appropriated in the State is declared to be a public use.

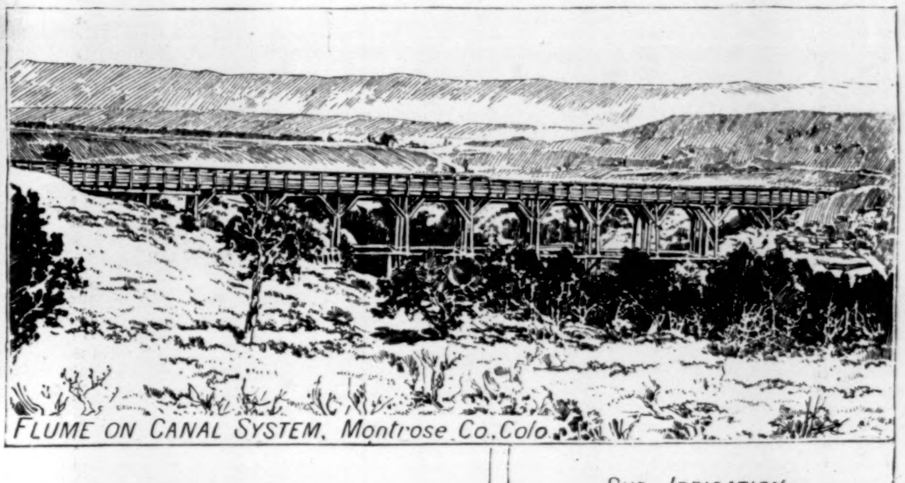
"4th. Rates and rents for use are to be fixed by public authority, but must not exceed seven per cent. on capital actually expended in constructing irrigation works."

The irrigators also demand that the standard of water measurement shall be one cubic foot per second. This is the rule in Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming.

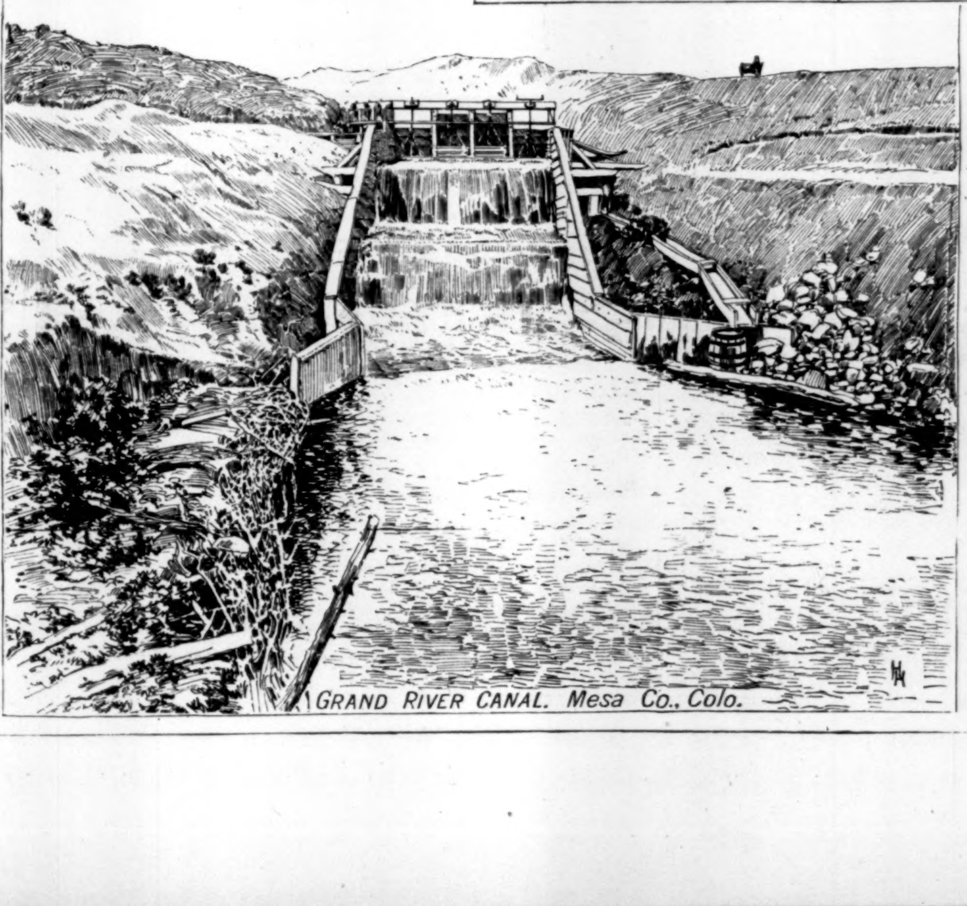
In Colorado, up to 1871, farming was confined to some narrow valleys near Denver, Pueblo, and Fort Collins. In the southern counties formerly belonging to Mexico, the system of small ditches common to New Mexico was long in vogue. Under Mr. GREELEY'S influence the first co-operative irrigation and land (union) colony was founded, and the town and settlement of Greeley was placed in the La Poudre Valley. Since then a score more have been started. Colorado, by liberal legislation, has placed itself in the fore-front of those American communities whose interests are bound up in the progress of this industrial system. Irrigation companies are growing in importance. Among the most important are those in the magnificent San Luis Park or Valley. Two great irrigation canals have been constructed by Eastern capital, which together will serve over 300,000 acres. Among other enterprises are the reclamation works in the Montezuma Valley, the Grand River Valley system, and that of the Uncompahgre Valley, both in western Colorado, and embracing a series of works nearly 200 miles in length, supplying at least 200,000 acres, and costing about $400,000. Besides the canals that supply the Greeley, Evans, and other established colonies in Weld County, the Platte Land and Improvement Company have constructed a great system in Arapahoe County, adequate to the service of 150,000 acres, and costing $500,000. The North Poudre Canal, with its rock tunnel and reservoir system in Larimer County, is still another extensive and costly enterprise; while the Fort Morgan Canal, in the extreme northeast portion of Weld County, is the fore-runner of many canals which will extend beyond the foot-hills into the plains region. In southern Colorado the old Mexican system of farm *acéquias* and village *zánjas* makes a net-work of little veins in the small valleys and over the mesas of Conejos and Costilla counties. Bent County, in the extreme southeast, which is bisected by the Arkansas River and traversed by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway, is just beginning to be the seat of important irrigation works.

Owing to many circumstances, but chiefly that of population and its past somewhat undesirable character, the Territory of New Mexico has not received the attention it deserves from those who have been seeking farming and fruit-raising locations in the far West. New Mexico will average for the rainy season a precipitation of less than eleven inches. Over nine inches of water must therefore be supplied to insure the raising of crops. The precipitations termed "shepherd rains" are sudden showers and storms produced by the moisture-laden trade-winds of the Pacific which find their way, as by a funnel, through the Gulf of California. As they pass northeasterly over the vast mountain formation of the Sierra Madre and Colorado Plateau they break into gusts, and are scattered over special areas as the topo-

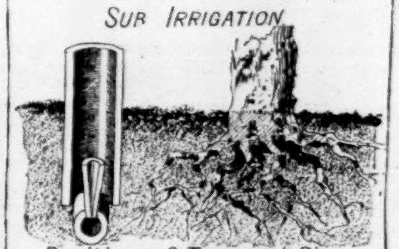

ATING A FARM.

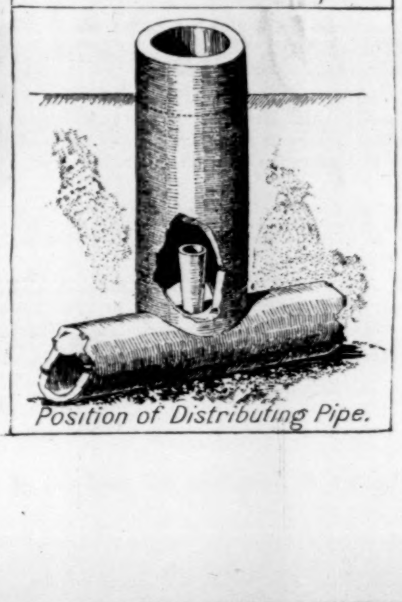

FLUME ON CANAL SYSTEM, Montrose Co. Colo.

THE BOISE RIVER CANAL.


GRAND RIVER CANAL. Mesa Co., Colo.

SUB IRRIGATION


Position of Tree and Pipe.


Position of Distributing Pipe.

THE WEST.